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FOREVER.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

The moon and the sea, sweet lovers,
May forget the love they bear;
But we two will love forever,
In foul weather and in fair.

The stars may aimlessly wander,
Or fall with a flaming flight,
But love's sun will steadily circle
And fill us with fresh delight.

The heavens may drop to darkness,
And the world—the world may die;
But this—our love—is eternal,
We know it, thou and I.

HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE hour was approaching. Doris, still in her hat and jacket, sat in the tiny apartment behind the stage which served as her dressing room. She was paler than usual, and her eyes looked of a deeper and darker blue than usual; but she was calm, with a calm which Jeffrey could not attain to.

With his hands folded behind him, his head bent upon his breast—his favorite attitude—he paced up and down the narrow limits of the room, like a tiger in its cage waiting for its supper.

"Will the house be full, Jeffrey?" asked Doris, presently.

"Yes," he replied. "The pit and gallery are full now; they were waiting at the doors as early as six o'clock. They are not fools, these Barton people. In some places you may be sure of playing Romeo and Juliet to empty benches, but not here. It is a flourishing place, and they are intelligent and educated. They have a theatre they may be proud of, and they are proud of it. In some towns the theatre is a neglected barn, and when that is so, you may take it that the people are uncultivated and barbaric. Yes—you will have a fair and patient hearing; I knew that when I chose Barton for the scene of your great trial. In London there are so many new Juliets that the critics and the audience have got incredulous and suspicious—they have seen so many failures that they go prepared for disappointment; here, it will be different. They love Shakespeare, they know you, they will hope for the best, and you will not disappoint them," and his eyes glittered down upon her.

Doris smiled.

"Perhaps they will hiss me off the stage!" she said, but she did not say it very fearfully.

He shook his head, and went on with his monotonous pacing; and presently a familiar sound struck his ear.

"The curtain is up on the farce," he said. "You had better begin to dress. Is there anything I can do—anything I can suggest—anything you would like to ask me?" he inquired, with his long, thin fingers on the handle of the door.

Doris shook her head.

"No, Jeffrey, dear! I don't know of anything, unless you would get into my skin, and play Juliet instead of me."

"You are not nervous?" he asked.

"Not a bit," she answered; "and that is strange, isn't it? No, I feel as calm and easy as if I were going to play a waiting-maid's part; but I shall be all on the quiver when I am standing at the wings, ready to go on."

He nodded, as if he understood, and went out, sending her dresser to her.

Doris dressed quietly and slowly. Jeffrey had impressed upon her the importance of avoiding all hurry just before her appearance, and she had finished, and was sitting before the glass, not looking at herself, but musing, as it seemed, when he came in again.

"Dressed? That is right! The house is crammed! The manager says it is the best house he has had since Mr. Irving was here. The boxes look like London boxes, people in evening dress, and ladies with flowers."

He stood in front of her, and scanned her dress and get-up keenly.

The dress was of white satin, made quite plainly, with a long train, its only ornament a row of pearls, which were not stage jewels, but real, and of great value, and a present from Jeffrey himself.

Her dark hair, looking black by the light, fell round her exquisitely-shaped face like a frame, and, caught up by a white ribbon behind, swept in curving tresses to her shoulders.

The faint touch of rouge—every actress must rouge, whether she likes it or not—gave the intense blue eyes an added depth and brilliance, which the long dark lashes veiled now and again, but to rise and render the brilliance and color more marked by their temporary concealment.

It was not his way to praise her beauty, but as he turned away he muttered something that sounded like approval.

"Do you see anyone you know in front, Jeffrey?" she asked.

"No," he said, almost impatiently. "I know no one! I suppose all the people in the boxes are county people, I do not know! I only care for the pit and gallery. It is from them you must get your verdict, the boxes and stalls will follow suit."

"Poor county people!" she said, with a smile, but absently.

"Of what are you thinking—the third scene?" he asked.

Doris started, and the natural color forced its way through the powder and rouge. She was not thinking of Romeo and Juliet at all, but of the handsome face that lay in her lap yesterday afternoon, of the young fellow whose name was Cecil Neville.

"I—I don't know," she said, faltering a little. "I think I was dreaming, Jeffrey."

"Then you must wake up," he retorted grimly, but not unkindly. "I heard the curtain go down on the farce. Will you have a glass of wine?"

She shook her head and looked at him with smiling surprise.

"And you are always preaching against it!" she said.

"I know," he admitted; "but to-night ——"

The manager knocked at the door. He was a keen, business man, just and not ungenerous, and he nodded and smiled at the beautiful vision admiringly and encouragingly.

"Beautiful house, Miss Marlowe," he said, "and in the very best of temper: a child might play with them to-night."

"Ah, it is only a child who is going to play to them, Mr. Brown!" said Doris.

He laughed approvingly.

"By George, that's good! I must remember that. How do you feel?"

"Frightened out of my life!" said Doris. "Do not be surprised if I forget my part, and am hissed off!" but her smile belied her words.

"If you are I'll close the theatre and take to—market gardening!" retorted the manager.

"Let her alone! I do not want her to talk!" growled Jeffrey, and Mr. Brown, shrugging his shoulders and making a grimace behind the bent back, glanced at his watch and hurried off, saying,—

"Ten minutes, Miss Marlowe!"

"Ten minutes!" said Doris dreamily. "Leave me now, Jeffrey, dear."

"Do your best, Doris!" he said.

"I will, for your sake, Jeffrey!" she responded, touching his hand caressingly.

"No, for your art's," he said gravely. "I shall be at the wings."

Now that she was left alone, Doris tried to concentrate her thoughts upon the coming ordeal; but she could not. Each time she tried to picture herself upon the stage and speaking the lines set down for Juliet, the voice of Cecil Neville rang in her ears, and with a low cry almost of alarm, she put her hands to her head.

"Ah, that's stage fright!" said the dresser. "I know what it is, miss; I've had it myself, in my old acting days. But it will pass off directly you face the house, depend upon it. Don't you be afraid and nervous; for, Miss Marlowe, I've heard that the very first actors feel like that, some of them every night, too!"

Doris laughed softly.

"Do they, Mrs. Parkhouse?" she said. "Then there is hope for me. There is the overture over. Not many minutes now; the curtain is up!"

She bent her head upon her hands and forced herself to think of the scene that was at that moment being played, to think of the good-looking young fellow—a great Barton favorite—who was playing Romeo; but, marvel of marvels, instead of his face, which she knew so well, there arose before her, as Romeo, the face over which she had bent yesterday.

"Ah, it is no use, no use!" she cried, springing up.

"Oh, don't say that, miss!" said Mrs. Parkhouse, who had been watching her with respectful anxiety. "I'm sure—we're all of us sure and certain that it will be a success. It will all go right directly you get on to the stage."

"Do you think so?" said Doris with a curious smile. "I hope so—ah, I hope so; if not——"

"Juliet!" shouted the call boy; and leaving her sentence unfinished, Doris caught up her train and went to the wings.

The Barton Theatre was a properly conducted one, and none but those who had business there were permitted behind the scenes; but Doris had to pass through a small crowd of actors and supernumeraries, and carpenters, and she felt rather than saw the curious glances bent upon her.

But instantly Jeffrey was by her side.

"It has gone well, so far," he said. "Mr. Brown was right; the house is in a good humor, notwithstanding the heat and that is is packed. You played well, Mr. Garland," he said to the Romeo, who came striding up and bowed to Doris.

"Did I? Thanks. Not nearly so well as I shall do when I have Juliet to play to. May I, without offense, say that you are looking your part most beautifully, Miss Marlowe?"

Doris inclined her head with a smile.

"Romeo should pay compliments, Mr. Garland, and that is a very pretty one. But I want to do more than look my part!"

"Don't be afraid," said the young fellow gallantly and seriously. "I haven't the slightest fear of the result. It will be a big hit; I have said so all along."

"And you should know!" said Doris. "I wish I felt as sure."

"Your cue!" said Jeffrey in a solemn voice as he touched her arm warningly.

She started slightly, then with the light, careless gait of a lighthearted, careless girl who has no forecast of the doom hanging over her she went upon the stage.

A greater part of the audience knew her, but they were astonished by the sight of her beauty, rendered more beautiful by the exquisite dress, and they led the thunder of welcome which the strangers, who saw her the first time, followed as heartily.

Doris had been taught by Jeffrey that to stop the business of the scene to acknowledge applause was a cardinal sin, and commenced at once, and the crowded house fell into an instant silence in which her sweet, clear voice rang like a silver bell.

A round of applause marked the close of the scene, but there was not much enthusiasm in it.

She had looked a very typical Juliet, had played her part well, but there was nothing extraordinary in her acting.

"That's right, Miss Marlowe!" said Romeo as she passed him at the wing. "Saving yourself up! Reserve force, and all that! Quite right! You'll let yourself go in the latter scenes!"

"Well?" she said to Jeffrey as he threw a silk shawl over her and drew her into a corner out of the draughts.

"It is for you to answer that," he said quietly. "It was well done; quietly and with self possession."

"I feel" she said, growing pale. "I have failed!"

"No!" he almost shouted; then, in a low voice that quavered: "It is not your best scene. It ought to be cut out. It is sometimes. You have nothing to fear. Did you see the house?"

She shook her head.

"No, I did not look."

He nodded approvingly.

"That's right. Take no notice of them! Don't look beyond the footlights, and—and—the next scene is a trying one—but I don't want to make you nervous!"

"You will not make me nervous," she said, almost sadly. "I wish that I could feel it more than I do——"

She turned away, and her lips quivered.

The ball room was set, crowds of supers were hurrying on the stage; the orchestra was playing the familiar music; the audience were applauding the really handsome scene. Then her time came, and she went on, and the house listened and watched with rapt attention. When she went off, there was a distinct round of applause, but still not enthusiastic; the fire was wanting yet!

There were two London critics in the stalls, and they exchanged glances and comments.

"Awfully pretty girl!" said one.

"And a lady. Plays well, too!" responded the other.

"Ye—es," assented the first. "Not at all badly, but, somehow, doesn't she strike you as being out of the part, so to speak? Seems as if she was going through it in a dream! But she's as beautiful as a dream, too!"

The balcony scene came on,—the scene in which a Juliet, who is a Juliet, can display her powers to the best advantage. In this scene are opportunities for the display of love and tenderness, maidenly fear and modesty, and womanly passion, which no other play can afford.

Jeffrey, pacing to and fro behind the wings, with fingers lacing and interlacing themselves, was devoured by anxiety, mitigated by hope.

"Now or never!" he muttered. "This is the scene! Oh! Doris! Doris! Now you raise my heart to the seventh heaven, or break it!—break it!"

"Awfully pretty scene, Miss Marlowe," said Romeo, as they stood together for a moment or two; "you'll let yourself go, now, I expect!"

"Shall I?" she said dreamily, almost absently. "I don't know."

He looked at her curiously.

"Yes, I think I'd put all I know into this," he said gently and respectfully. "It's a big scene for both of us."

"Yes," she said, in a low voice. Then she glided past him and took her place on the balcony.

The scene began, the audience was as silent as the grave, as Romeo entered and made his well-known speech.

Then Doris moved forward to the edge of the balcony, and into the glare of limelight that poured down upon her.

And then a strange thing occurred. As she sighed, that well-known sigh, she raised her eyes and all unconsciously looked towards the house.

It was almost darkened; but a single light had been left in the chandelier, and it fell upon the handsome face of a young man sitting in the centre box. He was leaning forward, his eyes fixed on her face, a strange intent expression in them. His face was pale, his hands clasped tightly on the velvet lining of the box edge, his whole expression that of one surprised, amazed, bewildered and fascinated.

She saw the face for a moment only, but she recognized it.

It was the one over which she had bent on the proceeding day: it was Cecil Neville's!

The color rose to her face, and her hands, clasped tightly on the balcony edge, trembled. Then she went pale again, and her eyes were raised to the moon.

Then she spoke, and again, marvel of marvels! the very tones of her voice seemed altered. There was no longer any trace of the cold abstraction which had marred the preceding scenes.

Melting, ravishing they fell upon the audience like drops of dew upon sun-baked travellers.

A thrill seemed to run through the house. Romeo, experienced actor as he was, felt the change, the difference, and actually almost faltered.

Then they took up the scene. No need to dwell upon it: everyone knows it; there is no other like it in the whole range of English literature.

Like notes of music, sounding the full depths of a girl's pure passion, her words dropped from her perfect lips. Her face was like a poem of Dante Gabriel Rosetti's: pale, passion-pale, yet eloquent. Every gesture—as she swept the dark, silky hair from her forehead with an impatient movement; as she bent forward in the keen hope of touching Romeo's hand; as she kissed her fingers to him; as she pressed her throbbing heart, full to overbrimming with love;—every gesture was noted and dwelt upon by the enraptured audience, and when the scene closed, a wild and unanimous burst of applause rolled like thunder from pit to boxes, from boxes to pit!

They clapped, they stamped, they cheered. It almost seemed as if a crowd of rational beings had taken leave of their senses. In plain truth, she had witched the hearts out of them, and they were fascinated.

Romeo stood, for the first time in his experience, at a loss what to do, till there rose from the pit a cry, "Juliet, Juliet!" then he went to the wings and, breathless, grabbed at her hand.

"Come on!" he said excitedly.

But Jeffrey held her fast by the arm. He was pale and trembling, but his voice was stern and grim.

"No!" he said. "Not yet! This is nothing. Let them wait till the last scene; then—*then* if they want her she shall go, but not till then!"

The two London critics in the stalls exchanged glances.

"Wonderful bit of acting," said one. "Really wonderful for so young a girl!"

"Yes," assented the second; then he added thoughtfully, "I wonder what made her wake up. It came quite suddenly, did you notice?"

There was one person in the theatre, one out of the whole crowd, however, who neither clapped nor cheered, but sat perfectly silent. It was Lord Cecil Neville. He sat, breathing slowly and heavily, like one under a spell, his eyes fixed on the spot where she had stood, all his senses in thrall.

CHAPTER VI.

He had spent the greater part of the day looking for her, his disappointment growing hour by hour as he grew convinced that he should not find her; that he had lost her forever. If he had only known her name he could have inquired in the town; but he could scarcely go about asking people if they had happened to see the loveliest girl on earth, with dark hair and wonderful blue eyes; besides, there was, to him, something almost sacred in his meeting with her, and he shrank from putting commonplace questions about her.

By luncheon time he was, I am sorry to say, in anything but a good temper. Fortunately the marquis rarely put in his appearance at that meal, or, in all probability, there would have occurred an open quarrel between him and his nephew, and Lord Cecil would have fled the house. Lady Grace, too, did not appear: she had gone to pay a visit to a friend in the neighborhood, and Lord Cecil, therefore, ate his cutlet and drank his Chateau Margaux in solitude.

He was not at all sorry for this, for, to tell the truth, Lady Grace's candor, though extremely original, had very much embarrassed him, and Lord Cecil was too little used to embarrassment to find it agreeable. She was very beautiful, very charming, and he admired her very much, but still he felt her absence a relief; he was free to muse over the unknown, who had eluded his search all the morning.

Suddenly, as he finished his last glass of claret, he remembered the play-bill he had picked up on the terrace, and it occurred to him that here was the means of escaping dinner at the Towers; for this night, at all events, he could get away from the marquis's sneers and sarcasm.

"I shall not be home to dinner," he said to the stately butler. "I think I'll go to the theatre."

"Yes, my lord," responded the butler, displaying no sign of the disgust which the announcement caused him. To think that anyone—a viscount especially—should prefer going to the play to dining!

"What sort of a theatre is it?" asked Lord Cecil carelessly, and for the sake of talking.

"Very good, my lord, I believe," was the solemn reply. "I've heard that it's almost as good as a London theatre, and that there is an excellent company there. They play Romeo and Juliet to-night. That is," he made haste to add, "I heard some of the under-servants talking about it. I never go to the theatre myself my lord. I will send a small dinner, of three or four courses, at an early hour in the breakfast-room, for you, my lord."

"All right," said Lord Cecil carelessly. "That will give you a lot of trouble, will it not? I can get a chop or something at the hotel in the town, can't I?"

"Oh, no, my lord; it will be no trouble," the butler made haste to reply; "the marquis would be much annoyed if your lordship were to be inconvenienced."

Lord Cecil nodded; he could scarcely suppress a smile at the butler's crediting the marquis with such hospitable sentiments.

"All right," he said again; "I'll have it at half-past six."

"Yes, my lord," assented the butler with a faint sigh; it seemed to him a dreadful sacrifice; and Lord Cecil soon afterwards took up his hat and went out.

He made his way to the meadows, and stood looking down on the brook and at the spot where Polly had landed him so nearly upon his head; and at the bank where the fair unknown, whose face and voice haunted him perpetually, had sat, and a vague hope dwelt in his breast that she might perhaps revisit the scene as he was doing.

But an hour passed and she did not come, and he strode off moodily, full of disappointment, and half angry with himself.

"I am a fool!" he thought. "She has forgotten me by this time. Why should she come back here? If I were to meet her, what could I say to her? She'd very likely think me an impertinent snob if I did more than lift my hat. I couldn't very well tell her that I have scarcely thought of anything but her since we parted yesterday; and to say anything less to her would seem to me to be saying nothing at all!"

Thus musing, he went into the town, his stalwart figure, with its military carriage, his handsome, patrician face, and his Poole-made clothes, which he wore as if they had grown on him, causing no little sensation amongst the inhabitants.

But though he stared into the shop windows, and looked at every girl who came in sight, he did not see the girl of whom he was thinking; and it was nearly seven before he came back to the "small dinner of three or four courses" which the considerate butler had served for him in the breakfast room.

He was half inclined to give up the idea of the theatre, and if it had not been for his dread of the marquis's society, he would have done so.

As it was, he ate his dinner slowly, and enjoyed it, although he was in love; then, and not till then, he fully made up his mind to go.

"I'll have a brougham round in ten minutes, my lord," said the butler, but Lord Cecil declined it.

"I'd rather walk," he said. "I like a stroll after dinner."

The butler—more in sorrow than in anger—asked what time he should send the carriage, but Lord Cecil declined a conveyance for any part of the evening.

"I'll walk back," he said; "I rather like a stroll after the theatre," and the butler, with a sigh of resignation, gave him up as a bad job.

As he walked along the lanes, fragrant with the breath of spring, a thought—a hope—flashed through his mind that he might, perhaps, see the girl in the theatre.

He never asked himself what his object in seeking her might be; men seldom ask themselves such questions. Lord Cecil was not an altogether bad character.

He was not a modern Lovelace in pursuit of his prey, by any means. He was not, in fact, a Lovelace at all.

He had lived in a fast set, had been the star and centre of the crack regiment in which he had held a commission; had gone through the ordeal of London life as completely as most young men of title; but he had come out of it, if he could be said to have come out of it, not altogether unscathed, but not very badly burned or smirched.

The Nevilles had always been wild, and Lord Cecil had not been any tamer than his ancestors, but in all his wildness he had drawn the line. For women in general—for the sex, as a whole—he possessed a respect which had sometimes amused his less-scrupulous companions.

He had overspent his allowance; lost large sums at baccarat and kindred games, turned night into day, risked his money and his neck at steeplechases, and generally, as his friends put it, played old Harry, but no woman had, as yet, any indictment against him.

He could truthfully declare—with the Frenchman, on his deathbed,—"No woman can come to my grave and say that for want of heart I broke here."

To women he was always frank and gentle, and the women of his set adored him. If he had broken no hearts in the sterner sense of the word, he had all unwittingly caused many to ache, and many a belle of the London season had "given herself away" to Cissy Neville, as his intimate friends called him.

And now the marquis had intimated that he must marry Lady Grace. Lord Cecil thought of last night's after-dinner conversation as he strolled along, tried to think of it gravely and seriously, but somehow he could not; all his thoughts flew, whether he would or would not, to the dark-haired, blue-eyed girl he had so nearly ridden over in the meadows.

After all, he was not obliged to marry Lady Grace. The marquis could not compel him, and as for the money—— He shrugged his shoulder, and, having reached the theatre, put the subject from him.

It must be confessed that he followed the box-keeper to the private box he had taken with rather doubtful expectations.

"Romeo and Juliet" in a country theatre is not always an entrancing spectacle, and Lord Cecil only wondered how long he should stand it.

He was rather surprised at the air of elegance perceptible, and still more surprised at the crowded state of the house, and he congratulated himself, as he looked round at the well-dressed and aristocratic audience, that he had come in evening dress, for he had at one time thought of retaining his morning clothes.

He settled himself in his box—he had arrived during the entracte—and looked at the programme.

"Juliet——Doris Marlowe."

The name struck him at once as a pretty one, and he did not trouble to read the rest of the cast. Then the curtain drew up on the balcony scene, and, leaning forward carelessly, he looked at the stage and saw, there in the balcony—the girl for whom he had been seeking, the girl with the dark hair and blue eyes!

For a moment he thought he was dreaming, and the color rushed to his face. Then he looked again, "all his soul is in his eyes," and saw that he was not dreaming, but that it was in solemn truth she, herself.

If he had had any doubts her voice would have dispelled them. He would have remembered and recognized those musical tones if he had heard them fifty years hence instead of as many hours.

He was amazed, bewildered, engrossed, but not too engrossed to be aware that the "Juliet" he looked upon, Miss Doris Marlowe, was a great actress.

If she moved the rest of the vast audience, imagine how she had moved him who had been thinking of her and longing to see her!

His heart beat wildly, the color came and went in his face; he was lost to everything but that bright, celestial, and yet purely human, being on the stage, then rendering the exquisite lines of her part; and it was not until he caught one or two curious glances directed at him that he drew back a little and tried to look simply interested like the rest.

The drop scene went down on the act, and he, to use his own phrase, "pulled himself together."

He got up and went out into the lobby, and made his way to the refreshment bar; and when he had obtained his brandy and soda, he lingered over it and got in conversation with the attendant.

"This Miss Doris Marlowe is a great success!" he said, trying to speak indifferently.

"Oh, yes, she is indeed," said the girl with a long sigh; she had dreampt of being an actress herself, poor thing. "I just stole out and looked in at the last act. A success?—I should think so! I call it magnificent! I never saw anything like it; did you, sir?"

"No, never," responded Lord Cecil. "She is a London actress, I suppose? And yet I don't remember seeing her in London," he added.

"No, I don't think she's ever played in London, but always in the provinces. This is the first time she's ever done anything like this. She's played here in small parts; this is her first appearance in Shakspeare."

"Who is she?" he asked, endeavoring to make his question commonplace, yet feeling that he was hanging on her reply.

The girl paused in the wiping of a glass and looked puzzled.

"Who is she? I don't know, sir. I question whether anybody knows rightly, excepting Mr. Jeffrey."

"Mr. Jeffrey? Who's he?" asked Lord Cecil with a sharp pang. Could this man be her husband?"

"Oh, the old gentleman who goes about with her. He ain't her father, but a kind of guardian. He was an actor once. It was he, so they say, who taught her to act. Anyhow she treats him just like a father."

Lord Cecil drew a breath of relief.

"They are always together; they go from theatre to theatre. He is a very extraordinary old gentleman, and very trying at rehearsals, so I've heard the actors say; but he knows all about it, quite as well as the stage-manager."

At this moment the two London critics came up for a drink, and one of them bowed to Lord Cecil.

"Quite an eventful evening, my lord," he said with the easy respect of a fellow Londoner.

"Yes," said Lord Cecil. "It is a great success, I suppose. Do you know who Miss Doris Marlowe is?"

The critic shrugged his shoulders.

"Haven't the least idea. Quite a *stella incognita*, but she will not be after to-night. We shall see her in Drury Lane before many month are passed."

"Who was that?" his friend, the other critic, asked.

"Lord Cecil Neville," was the reply. "The heir to the Marquisate of Stoyle. A splendid fellow, and strange to say, not a bit spoiled, though all the women make a dead set at him."

"The Marquis of Stoyle," said the other thoughtfully. "That old villain? And this is his nephew. He is tremendously good-looking!"

"Oh, a splendid fellow. Did you ever hear that story about him——?" and they moved away.

Lord Cecil drank half his soda and brandy, and then went back to his box.

Meanwhile, a thrill of excitement seemed to run through those engaged behind the scenes. A theatre is rendered famous by its actors, and it seemed that the Theatre Royal, Barton, was going to be made celebrated as the place of the first appearance of a great actress.

"If she can only carry us through to the end!" muttered Jeffrey, as he paced to and fro, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes flashing fire.

"Oh, she'll do it!" said the manager, who happened to overhear him. "Don't you be afraid, Mr. Jeffrey; that young lady is a genius! I knew it from the first. She will carry it through to the very last. And about the engagement now? You make your own terms, and I'll agree to them. You'll find me straight and honest—"

But Jeffrey paced on. He was an old

theatrical hand, and he knew, full well, that a Juliet may score in the balcony scene, and yet fail in the later and more important ones.

But there did not seem much fear of failure with Doris.

Off the stage, and in her dressing-room, she was quiet and subdued, but the moment she got on the boards her eyes flew to the centre box, and she seemed to draw inspiration from the handsome face that leant forward in rapt, almost devout attention.

The play proceeded. The great scene, in which Romeo takes leave of Juliet, his newly-made wife, went with a rush. The audience cheered until it was hoarse. Thrice the young actress was called to the front, and everybody who had brought a bouquet, flung it at her feet.

Jeffrey, pale and statuesque, implored Doris to be calm.

"It is not all over yet," he said warningly. "There is the last scene. Remember what I tc ght you. It is the last scene in which a Juliet, who is a Juliet, declares herself! Do not let their applause make you forget what is due to your art! I would rather that they remained mute and silent, Doris."

And for answer she simply smiled. She did not tell him that while she could see a certain face in the the centre box, all would be well.

The pause before the last scene arrived. The whole house was talking in excited whispers. To the Barton folk, ardent theatre goers as they were, nothing like this had befallen them. A twitter of excitement ran through the house, and amongst the crowd that thronged the lobbies, Lord Cecil walked about, as excited as the rest.

Suddenly, as if he had been stricken by an idea, he turned up the collar of his coat and made his way through the press to the streets, and looked about him eagerly.

Some women selling oranges came hurrying up to him, amongst them a woman with a basket of violets.

He bought the whole contents of her basket, and bade her tie them together; then, with the flowers in his hand, he went back to the theatre; but instead of going to his box, he made his way to the stalls, and stood close to the orchestra.

The last scene came on. Again it is unnecessary to describe it: the grim and solemn vault, the beautiful figure of the girl in the death throes, the terrible agony of Romeo, were all here, rendered real and lifelike by the genius of the actors.

Spellbound, the house watched and listened in profound silence. Listened to the passionate, despairing plaint of Romeo, and the deeper agony of Juliet, who awakes to find her lover dead.

Never, perhaps, since the play was played, was actress more touching, more tear-compelling than Doris Marlowe that night at the Theatre Royal, Barton; and as her last words died away in solemn silence, a great sob seemed to rise from the crowded house.

Then the sob gave place to a thunder of applause. Once more the sober audience seemed possessed by a spirit of delirium; men sprang to their feet and waved their hats, women rose and waved their handkerchiefs with which they had wiped away their tears; and cries of "Juliet! Juliet!" resounded through the theatre.

A pause, and presently Romeo appeared leading Juliet by the hand.

The audience stormed and cheered as one man, and those who had not already thrown their bouquets to her threw them now.

She was pale to the lips, and the blue eyes looked almost black as she bent them on the cheering crowd, and like a queen bowed beneath the tribute of their devotion, she bent her girlish head low.

She had nearly crossed the stage, had reached the spot exactly opposite that on which Lord Cecil stood. Then, and not till then, he raised his bunch of violets and tossed them at her feet.

She paused a moment in her triumphant progress, for it was nothing less, then stopped and picked up the rough and ready bouquet: Romeo's arms were quite full.

For an instant her eyes rested on Lord Cecil's face, then, as if with an involuntary movement, she raised the bunch of violets to her lips and passed off, the side wings engulfing her.

Three times more they called her as if they could not let her go from their sight, and thrice she came before them and modestly, girlishly, bowed her acknowledgements.

Then—tired, hot, and thirsty—the crowd began to disperse.

Lord Cecil Neville alone remained on the spot from which he had thrown his bouquet. He could scarcely believe that it was over, until the attendants began to cover up the seats with their calico wrappings, and taking the hint, he made his way out.

The groups of people he passed through were talking about her triumph. He caught a word here and there and, all unconsciously, found himself at the stage door. At least, he thought, he should get a glimpse of her as she drove away from the theatre.

Meanwhile, behind the scenes the greatest excitement prevailed. There had never been a Juliet like her, they were declaring; and they prophesied a success in London which should even eclipse that of Barton!

And Doris, looking pale, stood smiling dreamily through it all. Even while Jeffrey paced to and fro in her dressing room, too excited for speech, she remained calm and serene, wrapped in a kind of spiritual veil.

Manager, actors, thronged round her with congratulations; even the old dresser declared, with tears, that "nothing had been seen like it."

At last the porter announced that Miss Marlowe's fly was waiting, and Jeffrey took her away from the excited crowd.

"Draw your cloak well round your throat," he said, as anxiously as if she were so fragile that a breath of wind would sweep her away. "Give me those violets to hold for you," he said.

She drew her hand back, almost with a gesture of dread, and a dash of color came flying into her pale face.

"No, no—I can manage, thanks," she said, quickly. "How sweet they smell, do they not?" and she held them up to him for a second.

"Yes," he said, absently. "Were they thrown with the rest?"

"Yes," she said in a low voice.

"Some one of the poor people in the pit, I daresay," he said; "a graceful and spontaneous tribute, worth, I was going to say, all the rest of them, beautiful and costly though some of the bouquets are. But I daresay you don't agree with me?" and he smiled.

"But I do," she said, averting her eyes. "Yes, I think them worth all the rest!"

They had traversed the long passage by this time, and reached the fly. Jeffrey put her in carefully, and was himself following, when he stopped suddenly, frowning and biting his lips.

"Doris," he said, "you leave all to me? You leave all to my judgment, as hitherto? You are a famous woman now, or will be to-morrow, and may like to be independent. Would you rather wait till to-morrow, and make your own arrangements with the manager, or shall I, as of old——"

"Jeffrey!" she broke in, with a reproachful look in her eyes.

"Very well," he said. "Brown has made me a very large offer for a month. I put him off just now, but I think I will go back and accept for you. I shall not be many minutes."

Doris leant back, and, closing her eyes, pressed the violets against her cheek. She could see the handsome face all aglow with excitement and admiration as he raised his right arm and flung the flowers; she could see it at that moment, and the mental vision shut out all the rest of that eventful night.

Suddenly she heard her name spoken beside the carriage window, and, leaning forward, she saw, in real earnest, the face which had been her inspiration. It was Lord Cecil Neville's.

"Miss Marlowe," he said, leaning forward, and speaking quietly, pleadingly. "Don't be angry! Pray forgive me! I—I could not pass on without saying a word—one word of thanks."

"Thanks!" she murmured.

Her eyes were lifted for a moment to his ardent face, then dropped to the violets and rested there.

"Yes. I was in the theatre," he said. "You did not see me, of course, but I was there, and—I can't tell you how we all felt, how we all feel. It was superb; it was——but there, I can only thank you."

"You have done that already," she said with a smile as she raised the violets.

Lord Cecil Neville blushed. I am afraid it would be rather difficult to get credit for this statement in certain quarters in London.

"I couldn't get any better ones," he said apologetically.

"No," she said; "I think you could not! Yes, I saw you in the theatre," she added, as if she had been thinking of his first sentence. "Were—were you surprised, or did you know?" and she glanced at him with a half curious smile.

"Surprised!" he said. "I could scarcely believe my senses! I had no idea, until I saw you on the stage, that you, who were so good to me yesterday, were a great actress."

"I am not," she said, in a low voice. "I am only a very little one. To-night I succeeded, another night I might fail——" a faint shadow came on her face, as he looked puzzled; then she smiled, as she broke off to add: "I have something of yours——"

"Yes, my heart!" was his mental comment, but he said aloud—"Of mine?"

"Yes," she said. "A handkerchief. I haven't it here," and she smiled again; then suddenly her face grew crimson for she remembered that she had left it in the bosom of her dress. "I—I will send it to you if you tell me where."

"Let me call for it," he said eagerly.

Doris's brows came together, and she shook her head gently. She knew that Jeffrey's welcome to a stranger would be a rough one.

"I will send it," she said. "I think I know—the Towers you said, did you not?"

A sudden inspiration seized him, and bending forward he said, in a low voice,—

"If you should walk in the fields to-morrow morning,—you may, you know!—lay it on the bank where you sat yesterday. Will you do this, Miss Marlowe? I will fetch it in the afternoon."

The beautiful eyes dwelt upon his face with a deep gravity for a moment, as if she were wondering what his object could be in making the request; then she said gently,—

"Yes, why should I not?" as she held out her hand; "good-night."

"Thanks, thanks!" he said, in his deep musical voice. "Good-night! You should be happy to-night, for you have made so many people miserably so! I shall dream of Juliet all night!"

She let her hand rest in his for a moment, then drew it away and he was gone.

But at that moment it chanced that a handsomely-appointed carriage came round the bend of the road, and a lady, with soft-shimmering hair and darkly-brilliant eyes, who was leaning back in a corner of it, suddenly caught sight of the fly and the stalwart figure standing beside it.

She bent forward eagerly, and her keen eyes took in, as the carriage rolled past, not only the expression of Cecil Neville's face, but the face of the girl in the fly.

For an instant the warm blood rushed to Lady Grace's face; then, as she sank back again into her corner, she laughed, a laugh of cold, insolent contempt.

"Some actress or shop girl," she murmured. Then her expression changed, and she bit her lip thoughtfully. "And yet he looked terribly in earnest!" she added. "Shall I take him up?" and her hand went out to the check-string; then she let it fall, and the carriage go on its way. "No; I think I'll keep my little discovery to myself—it may be useful—and let you walk home, Lord Cecil!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MOTHER SPIDER.—Mother love among spiders is a fleeting passion, but, while it lasts, it is terribly strong. One insect spins no web, but lays her eggs in some out-of-the-way corner, and wraps about them a large cocoon. This she fastens, by a mass of fine threads, to some secure resting-place, but if she is alarmed holds it close to her body with two of her legs.

A writer says that he once advanced to examine such a cocoon, which was fastened to a door, but on his approach the mother spider hastened to cut the fastening threads with her mandibles, clasping the precious burden to her body, and hurried away with it. After roaming about for a while, she took refuge on a window curtain, and for fifteen days remained there motionless.

When the eggs were ready to hatch, she cut the edge of the cocoon, and out poured the young, swarming about her. They remained with her only a few days, and not until they disappeared did she find food and rest.

The Lycosæ are tigers among spiders, and when the eggs are enclosed in their sac, attach the precious parcel to the abdomen and carry it about with them.

During the season of maternity they are exceedingly fierce, and consider any evidence of curiosity on the part of an observer as a direct challenge to attack.

SHE: Speak out, Mr. Prudence, if you have anything to say.

HE: No, thank you. There's a phonograph hid under the centre table, your little brother is under the sofa, the hired girl is listening at the keyhole and your mother is looking over the transom. The only thing that restrains me is my doubt as to the whereabouts of your father.

As to the pure all things are pure, even so to the impure all things are impure.

Bric-a-Brac.

A LONG SLEEPER.—Epimenides of Crete, was a half mythical poet, magician, and seer. He is said to have slept for fifty-seven years. When he awoke and came to his native village, he found everything was changed. His former home, the house of his father, was occupied by strangers. At last a younger brother, whom he had left a child recognised him. The Cretans claimed that he lived to the age of two hundred and ninety-nine years. Of all his poems only six lines are preserved, and one of them is quoted by St. Paul.

FOOT BINDING.—It is said that one of the olden-time Emperors of China found among his wives one who was disposed to "gad around" more than pleased his fancy, and, partly as a punishment and partly to disable her walking powers, he caused her feet to be bound. Some of her neighbors saw her, and, like the fox with the tail-and-trap story, she concluded that it was the proper caper to keep in the fashion, and immediately bound her feet. Thus the fashion was set, and one after another followed suit until the custom was thoroughly established.

BETS.—In 1729 a poulterer of Leadenhall market, London, bet $205 he would walk 202 times round the area of Upper Moorfields in twenty-seven hours, and accordingly proceeded at the rate of five miles an hour on the amusing pursuit, "to the infinite improvement of his business and great edification of hundreds of spectators." Walpole, writing to Sir Horace Mann, Sept. 1, 1750, says: "They have put into the papers a good story made at White's. A man dropped down dead at the door, and was carried in. The club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him the wagerers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet."

SALUTES.—The origin of the salute of a hundred and one guns is said to date from the time of an early German Emperor, Maximilian. On returning from a victorious campaign, he was greeted in Augsburg with a salute intended to be a hundred guns. The officer in charge lost count, and when they came to what he thought was the hundredth shot, he determined to make sure, and so ordered another. The people of Nuremburg, when the Emperor reached that city, not wishing to be behind the people of Augsburg in their loyalty, saluted him with a hundred and one shots straight away; thus, according to the story, did this salute originate. The usual salute for heads of governments is of twenty-one guns; the legend explaining its beginning has not been invented yet.

PROPOSING TO A PRINCESS.—The young Count Apraxin was bold enough to make a declaration of love to Anne Petrowna, the Princess Royal of Russia. Having received an answer that destroyed all hopes of his success, he waited till he found her alone, threw himself at her feet, presented his sword, and begged her to end his sufferings by plunging it in his heart. "Give it me," said Petrowna, in the coldest manner; "give it me, and you shall see that the daughter of your emperor wants neither courage nor resolution to punish a forward fellow who forgets the difference between her and himself."

He showed himself a bragger, sheathed his sword, and begged the princess would pardon a delirium, the effect of her charms.

Anne pardoned him, but held him up to ridicule by telling the incident to every one at Court.

A MAGNETIC PLANT.—There has been discovered in the forests of India a strange plant, which possesses to a very high degree astonishing magnetic power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it immediately receives a shock equal to that which is produced by the conductor of an induction coil. At a distance of six metres a magnetic needle is affected by it, and it will be quite deranged if brought near. The energy of this singular influence varies with the hours of the day. All-powerful about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it is absolutely annulled during the night. At times of storm its intensity augments to striking proportions. Birds and insects never alight on this plant—an instinct seems to warn them that they would find their sudden death. It is also important to remark that where it grows none of the magnetic metals are found, neither iron, nor cobalt, nor nickel—an undeniable proof that the electric force belongs exclusively to the plant.

THE great rule of moral conduct is, next to God, to respect time.

"NOTHING."

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

Nothing to live for? Soul, that cannot be,
Though when hearts break, the world seems emptiness;
But unto thee I bring, in thy distress,
A message, born of love and sympathy,
And may it prove, O soul, the golden key
To all things beautiful and good, and bless
Thy life which looks to-day so comfortless!
This is the word: "Some one hath need of thee."

Some one—or who or where I do not know;
Knowest thou not? Then seek! make no delay!
And thou shalt find, in the land of sun or snow,
Who waits thee, little child or pilgrim gray;
For, since God keeps thee in His world below,
Some one hath need of thee, somewhere, to-day.

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PINCH OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER ALL KATHLEEN was in at the finish, and stood breathless and rosy and smiling, between Colonel Elwyn and the Duke of Cawthorn, whilst Major De la Braille presented her with the brush, as being the only lady who was in at the death.

And not only that, but the story of the gallant way in which she stopped Lucille Maitland's horse, and thus saved that damsel's life, flew like wildfire from mouth to mouth; so that altogether Kathleen became quite a heroine that day.

She rode home with Colonel Elwyn, feeling thankful that Tom Darley, beyond respectfully raising his cap to her from a distance, had not ventured to address her. As to the Colonel, the passing fancy of three years before was decidedly quickened by the events of the day, and he looked upon her with an admiration which increased at every moment.

"He is very kind—much nicer than I thought he would be," thought the girl. "I don't believe he ever really wanted to marry me; it was only Lady Elwyn's fancy."

And so, in spite of the Mephistophelean appearance of the Colonel, Kathleen found herself chatting gaily and pleasantly to him, whilst he on his side did his very utmost to make himself agreeable to her; altogether, she enjoyed her quiet ride home with her father's cousin as much as any other part of that eventful day.

Would she have been so happy if she had known that all the way home, slinking and dodging behind trees and bends of the road and keeping himself well out of sight, Tom Darley followed them both with a tempest of jealousy and the fury of Cain in his angry heart.

* * * * * *

Save for the little flush of triumph and pleasure which Kathleen's first day's hunting brought her, she reaped very little benefit from her prowess and her courage.

As far as the ladies of Clortell Towers went, it would have been better for her perhaps had she ridden less straight to hounds and left the stopping of Miss Maitland's runaway horse to other hands, and that damsel herself to the almost certain chance of a fracture of the skull.

Lucille Maitland had not loved Lord Elwyn's daughter before; and she positively hated her now. To begin with, she absolutely and utterly refused to own that she owed her anything at all.

"Saved my life!" she exclaimed indignantly, in answer to Sir Adrian's repeated entreaties that she would go through some form, however cold, of expressing her gratitude to the girl who rescued her. "What perfect nonsense! Any ploughboy passing could have done the same thing! You talk, Adrian, as if the girl were a heroine!"

"And so she is, Lucille. What she did was not only splendidly plucky—it was absolutely heroic, because she ran a considerable risk herself. She might have been pulled off her own horse, or the horses might have come into collision—in which case, at the pace you were going, she might have been thrown between them and been trampled upon."

"Oh, of course in your eyes a simple action becomes magnified into something extraordinary simply because she did it!" replied the beauty, with a petulant shrug of the shoulders.

Adrian reddened and bit his lip. He was getting accustomed to these jealous reproaches; and, alas, he knew too well how much truth underlay all that she cast in his teeth to venture upon defending himself from her imputations!

What chiefly angered and exasperated Miss Maitland was that, after she had called Sunbeam by every opprobrious epithet which could be showered upon a horse—after declaring that he was vicious, bad-tempered, with no mouth and less manners, and that he was, in short, quite unsafe for any lady to ride—Kathleen rode him to hounds two days later, escorted by the attentive Colonel, who had now come to stay in the house, and returned home, after having enjoyed an excellent day's sport, with the report that Sunbeam had gone like a lamb, was remarkably temperate and sensible, and on the whole she thought she preferred him to Prince.

"She says it on purpose to madden me!" cried Lucille, clenching her fists, as Kathleen, who had been relating her experiences of the day to the two ladies in her stepmother's boudoir, rose, after putting down her tea-cup, to go and take off her habit. "I don't believe it is true that she likes that brute of a horse!"

"Very likely not. What does it matter, my darling?" replied her ever-indulgent aunt. "Do not let it worry you. I think we shall soon get rid of her. Alfred is really devoted; and your uncle has told me he will give his consent; only we must be careful this time, and not frighten her."

"Oh, that is all very fine for you, aunt! But I don't care a bit if she marries or no—I shall be married myself in a month! I don't care now if she marries Colonel Elwyn; I don't want to get rid of her."

"Ah, but I do, my dear."

"Well, that is your affair, aunt. What I should like to do is to disgrace her—to get her into some horrible trouble with uncle—to find her out in something shameful that would set Adrian against her! Oh, if I only could!"

Lucille lapsed into sudden silence, resting her cheek upon her taper fingers, on which the diamonds flashed and glittered in the firelight, and knitting her brows in anxious thought.

Why was there nothing to find out about this girl? she thought. A girl whose mother was lowly born, who had been brought up herself in a farmhouse amongst common farmers—surely there must be something against her in the past, if only one could be clever enough to find it out!

"Every woman has a past," argued Lucille to herself. "Why, if they took the trouble to ferret out things about me, they might make some inconvenient discoveries!" she added, with a little grim amusement. "And I have been decently brought up!"

The idea pleased her. To disgrace Kathleen and bring her into some shame or difficulty presented attractive features to her imagination. She mused upon it day and night, and, in addition, she set herself to watch her.

Christmas and its festivities were now at hand. Lord Elwyn was better, and about again; the Castle was to be filled with guests, and on New Year's Eve there was to be a ball in honor of Miss Kathleen Elwyn.

"It will be Kathleen's formal coming out," said Lord Elwyn to his wife. "It is right and fitting that she should be properly introduced to my friends—she is my heiress and my only child; I will give a ball. See, my dear, that everything is done in the very best style; let no expense be spared, and let everybody be invited."

Little as Lady Elwyn relished anything that was to be done in her step-daughter's honor, she was woman enough to enjoy the idea of organizing and superintending an entertainment in her own house for whatever reason it was to be given.

Owing to the death of her son and to the long subsequent mourning, and then to Lord Elwyn's failing health and strength, it was many years since any festivity on a large scale had been held within the walls of Clortell Towers.

Everybody was delighted at the prospect. The whole county was thrown into a very paroxysm of joy and excitement when one fine morning's post delivered over two hundred invitation-cards broadcast over an area of twenty miles. What telegrams flew up to London to Mesdames Celeste and Deutelle! What expeditions there were into Colchester to match laces and ribbons; and what a panic of haste and business descended upon the Misses Holditch, the principal dressmakers and milliners of that humdrum and slightly dead-alive county-town!

For the time, too, all within the house worked well and harmoniously. Lady Elwyn was too busy with guests and preparations to pay much attention to Kathleen, and Lucille was too much taken up with the dress she was going to wear, and with certain other plans of her own, to be vindictive. She had watched her rival in vain for some days, and having as yet found not the tiniest speck or flaw in the candid innocence of her life, had decided to bide her time and let things alone for the present.

As to Kathleen, she flung herself into the turmoil of preparation with an ardor which was almost too fervent to be altogether natural.

She was very young, and she had never been at a ball in her life. On New Year's Eve she would be the queen in her father's house; she was to be arrayed in the most beautiful dress she had ever possessed, and she would dance the whole evening.

"It will be delightful—delightful!" she kept saying to herself, often saying it aloud so that she might be the more thoroughly convinced of it. "I am the happiest girl in the whole world!"

But, although she said it so often, she knew it was not true. Kathleen in these days was fighting a very hard battle with herself, and her fighting was not always perfectly successful.

For two days running, for instance, she would assure herself of her own supreme happiness much after this fashion—

"I have a kind and indulgent father, who gives me everything I can possibly want; I am allowed to gratify all my tastes and fancies. It is true that Lucille is disagreeable and my step-mother cold; but then I get on with them better than I did formerly; and the house is so large, I can easily keep out of their way. Then Col. Elwyn is very kind; and other people—strangers—are all nice to me; and—and so is——"

And then she would pull herself together bravely and say:

"And so is Sir Adrian—the kindest and best of friends; and I hope he will be happy all his life—God bless him!"

But after all this there would come a reaction, and sometimes, lying on her bed alone in the darkness, Kathleen would cry aloud in her misery—

"Oh, I love him—I love him! I know that it is a sin to love another woman's lover; and, if my love is sin, then I am the wickedest wretch on the face of the earth, for I can't help it; it is stronger than I am, and I cannot—cannot fight it down!"—and hot blinding tears that burnt like fire would drop one by one upon her pillow.

What Adrian felt in those days was past guessing. Perhaps he too was fighting hard—perhaps he was callous and resigned to the worst—or perhaps honor and faith had stamped out love and longing and passion in his heart, and they were dead. Anyhow, he made no sign.

He was always gentle and kind in manner to Kathleen, and sometimes his eyes rested upon her with a strange light of tenderness and of approval in them. But for the most part he spoke to her but little, and that always before other people, and he very decidedly kept out of her way.

He and Colonel Elwyn went out shooting together a great deal. Just at Christmas there came a frost, and hunting was stopped; so the gentlemen went after the pheasants instead. Then came the house-party of guests—Lord and Lady De la Braille, their two daughters, and Major De la Braille, the M. F. H., who was the second son. The Misses De la Braille were very fashionable young ladies, up in all the latest scandal and gossip, and were reckoned as very dear friends of Miss Maitland's. There were also Mrs. Bracey and her daughter, a gushing young thing who quoted poetry and sang De Lara's songs in a quavering soprano; a young married couple who flirted outrageously—not with each other, but with other people; and a selection of bachelors, invited to shoot, dance, and make themselves generally agreeable to the ladies; and, last, but by no means least in the estimation of one person, a gentleman who answered to the name of Laurence Doyle, who arrived late, with portmanteau and gun-case, one evening just before the ball.

"You had far better not have him, Lucille," had counselled her aunt, when this gentleman's invitation was under discussion. "You know Adrian does not care about him, and there might be trouble—you got talked about with him at Scarborough last summer, you know. You had really better be careful. If it were to come to Adrian's ears——"

"My dear aunt, what nonsense! It was nothing but the very mildest flirtation. And, if Adrian were jealous, it would be a very good thing, I am sure. Why should I not have Laurie here? He is an old friend of mine, and waltzes divinely."

So Mr. Laurence Doyle arrived, and put his handsome curly pate, metaphorically speaking, into the lion's mouth. He was a very handsome young man; he had curly brown hair and melting blue eyes, and a tiny moustache waxed up over the prettiest little mouth imaginable; he played the banjo and sang tenor songs; he danced well, and shot indifferently; he dressed very neatly, and had a nice stock of small talk always on hand; and he had perhaps the very smallest modicum of brains that any nice-looking young man was ever encumbered with.

For many years this young gentleman—who was a younger son and much hampered by debts and duns—had been, so to speak, employing his leisure moments in sighing for the moon—i. e., he desired that which was hopelessly out of his reach, and was foolish enough to persevere in his fruitless efforts to get it.

He knew he could not marry Lucille Maitland, not only because he had no money himself, but also because she had not the remotest wish to marry him, and had told him so over and over again.

If Sir Adrian Deverell had no existence, she assured him repeatedly and brutally, she would still never become the wife of Laurence Doyle; and yet he kept near the candle still, and fed upon the scraps which, arrant coquette as she was, it amused her to bestow upon him.

Kathleen was coming slowly down the large central staircase that evening, dressed for dinner in a pale-blue gauze dress, with pearls about her white throat and a blush-rose fastened in her bosom.

She came slowly because she was buttoning one of her pearl-gray gloves; and she was so intent upon the little buttons upon her wrist that it was only when she was half-way down-stairs that she became suddenly aware that she was intruding upon a scene which scarcely demanded the presence of a third person.

In the inner hall below her a man and a woman were standing together, so closely absorbed in each other that they were evidently unaware of her appearance on the scene. The man's back was turned to her, and she could see only a very well-fitting dress-coat and the top of a bent curly brown head. The woman's face was also hidden from her behind the curly head; but there was no mistaking Lucille's regal figure, even if Kathleen had not been well acquainted with her yellow-satin dinner-gown sewn with fine lace and little seed-pearls down the front.

She stood still, shocked and horrified beyond expression; for she beheld something which made her heart grow faint and cold within her. There it was, unmistakable and real—a beautiful white arm, bare to the shoulder, moulded as perfectly as a sculptor's model, with blue veins wandering faintly about the creamy flesh, and a rosy dimple at the curved elbow—with a diamond bracelet clasped about it that flashed forth strange star-like gleams in the subdued lamplight; and this arm, this lovely thing over which a poet might have raved, this wonder of whiteness and beauty, was cast upwards and wound closely round the brown head and the white-collared throat of the young gentleman whose back was to the staircase.

Kathleen's first impulse was flight. Whither and how could she escape from this sight, which was a revelation of evil to her, and which meant disgrace to Lucille and dishonor to Sir Adrian Deverell? They had not seen her yet; she had dressed unusually early, and so apparently had the couple below her. No doubt they had met there by appointment, judging that at this hour every one would be dressing for dinner, and that the inner hall, which led directly neither to the great drawing-room nor to the dining room, would be as secure a place as any from the intrusion of a passing footman or housemaid.

Kathleen stood stock-still for several terrible seconds, which seemed like hours to her. To proceed down-stairs was clearly an impossibility—there was nothing for her but retreat. She turned and fled up the stairs, holding back her dress with both hands so that she might not be heard; but, for all her care, there came a soft "swish, swish" of her silken draperies against the white marble of the steps just as she reached the landing above; and Lucille Maitland, hearing the distant rustle, looked up, and not only saw Kathleen's light figure flying up the staircase, but caught a backward glance from the scared dark eyes that were looking down at her.

"Great heavens, she has seen us!" she cried, white to the very lips with the shock of the discovery, and pushing her companion violently away from her.

"She! Who is she?" inquired the young man airily.

"That horrible girl—Kathleen Elwyn! She has been watching us—playing the spy! She hates me; and now I am in her power!"

Lucille wrung her hands together in helpless dismay.

Mr. Laurence Doyle gave utterance to a subdued whistle from between his pursed-up lips.

"What a kettle of fish!" he ejaculated. "Will she split?"

He did not seem to be very deeply agitated.

Lucille turned on him like a fury.

"Oh, it's all very well for you, Laurie! Of course you don't care a scrap! You are so selfish, you don't think about me! Think what it will be to me if she tells Sir Adrian what she has seen and perhaps heard! Why it would be utter ruin to me!"

"I really don't see that at all, my darling. You know you don't care a bang for Sir Adrian; and you are always telling me how much you love me. Why on earth can't you let the thing come out, and chuck him over and stick to me?"

"Haven't I told you over and over again, you crank, that I must marry Adrian, and that I would never, never marry you?"

"But yet you say you love me very much, Lucille!"

"So I do, Laurie; and, if you are good and patient, I will go on loving you always. I shall soon be married and have a house of my own to ask you to; and you shall come and stay with me for weeks at a time. Adrian will be always out hunting or shooting or looking after the place; and we shall have a lovely time together, and no end of fun. You've only got to be patient a little bit longer, and then I shall be able to do as I like."

Mr. Laurence Doyle whistled again. It was a habit he had when he was perplexed. Perhaps he did not altogether like the figure he was destined to play in this little programme for the future; perhaps he was doubtful about the light in which his part in the performance might be regarded by a dispassionate looker-on.

He thrust his hands in his trouser-pockets, looked down at his varnished pumps and red-spotted silk socks, and whistled softly.

"However, this is all mere waste of breath, Laurie," Lucille went on impatiently. "We can't stand here any longer—some one else might come upon us; and these discussions of a subject which I thought we had settled we could not talk about any more are absurd. What is of more importance just now is the consideration of what I am to do in order to silence that wretched girl, who has unluckily seen us together in what, I fear, might be called an equivocal position—for silenced somehow she must be!"

"Couldn't you bribe her?" murmured Mr. Doyle, who was not specially noted for the brilliancy of his suggestions.

Miss Maitland made a contemptuous gesture.

"What I must do," she said, "is to get at something against her, real or imaginary, so as to frighten her into holding her tongue."

"Larker?" inquired Mr. Doyle curtly, raising his eyebrows.

"Good heavens, no! Butter won't melt in her mouth, she is so correct and proper—at least, to all outward appearance. If only she had done something bad at school! But I wrote in my aunt's name to the schoolmistress at Brussels, and asked if she had ever flirted with any of the masters or the college students."

"The dence you did!" exclaimed Laurie, quickly.

"Yes; and I got the answer only yesterday. Unfortunately it is worse than useless. 'Miss Elwyn never misconducted herself in any way the whole time she was at Brussels.' No; I must search elsewhere and that quickly too—there is no time to be lost."

Miss Maitland raised her hand to her brow wearily.

"Oh, don't bother about the girl!" said Laurie Doyle. "I dare say she's a good sort, and, if you ask her not to tell, she will hold her tongue. Shall I tackle her?"

"You? Good heavens—no! Leave her to me. She is not in the least 'a good sort,' Laurie. She is a hateful, spiteful, vindictive little wretch, who would be only too glad to do me a bad turn!"

"She looked rather pretty," murmured Laurie dubiously.

"Pretty! Don't be deluded into paying her the slightest attention. She is as vain as a peacock, and would only lead you on in order to make game of you behind your back!"

"Good gracious what a horrible girl!"

"Yes, that is what she is. You take my advice and keep out of her way. Hush—I hear a door opening up stairs! Go through that door and wait in the billiard-room whilst I get away into the drawing-room immediately."

She took him by the shoulders and almost pushed him through a door-way, and then turned and fled herself across the hall towards the great drawing-room, her amber-satin draperies gleaming like a trail of gold behind her in the red glow of the fire that burnt on the hearth.

It still wanted nearly ten minutes to the dinner-hour. There was no one in the vast room into which Kathleen had first been ushered on her arrival at Clortell Towers three years and a half before.

The magnificent lustre chandeliers hanging down the room were ablaze with lighted candles; two large fires burnt in splendid porcelain fireplaces, one at each end of the room; there was a litter of magnificent furniture, works of art, books, and silver trumperies; azaleas and gardenias in full bloom stood in huge pots of rare workmanship upon the velvet pile carpets, and masses of cut flowers were heaped in vases upon the tables.

Beyond the room, high glass doors opened into a spacious conservatory filled with palms and exotic plants, and lighted up with large gay-colored hanging Chinese lanterns.

Lucille wandered idly on through the room towards the open conservatory doors. There was a subdued glow, a softened radiance upon the dark greens of the palms and giant ferns.

She stepped inside and stood upon the moist tesselated pavement. A gold-and-crimson lantern shed a faint glow upon her fair bent head.

She looked very beautiful as she stood thus, buried in thought, playing with the scented waxen petals of a snow-white stephanotis-bloom that drooped towards her.

She might have been a pure-souled anchorite dreaming of good and noble deeds, so calm and thoughtful was her unruffled brow, so peaceful and gravely serene were her quiet blue eyes.

As a matter of fact, she was an angry and revengeful woman cudgelling her brains for some evidence of evil to bring against an innocent fellow-creature.

Suddenly, close behind her, amongst the thick foliage of the plants, there was a movement as if some one was hidden behind them. Lucille raised her head sharply and listened.

A moment of silence; then once again came the strange scraping noise as of somebody dragging himself cautiously along the tiled floor, accompanied by a distinct commotion amongst the long fern-fronds and wide-leaved foliage of the palms.

"Who is there?" cried Lucille, fully awake to the fact that somebody was concealed in the conservatory.

A silence.

Then she took a couple of steps forward.

"There is somebody there!" she said aloud. "Who is it?"

In another second she came face to face with a man in a fustian suit who was crouching behind the plants. He rose to his feet the moment she caught sight of him, and pulled his cap off his head.

He did not look like a burglar or a tramp, only like a respectable gardener or keeper, with a somewhat rough wild-looking face and a tangled shock of coarse dark hair.

"Beg pardon, miss!" he said respectfully, touching his forehead with his long finger.

"What are you doing here?" inquired Lucille haughtily. "Why are you hiding in the conservatory? What is your business here? You had better speak the truth my man!"

"I will, miss. I've got shut in here by mistake—the gardeners have locked me in. I didn't want to be seen by the gentry; so I thought I'd lie quiet till they'd all gone in to their dinners. And then you came, miss, and I reached over to see you; and then I knocked that little geranium-pot over with my foot."

"But what on earth brought you here at all?" inquired Lucille. "You must have had some reason for getting into the conservatory in the first instance."

Her suspicion and mistrust probably betrayed themselves in her voice and face; for the man smiled grimly.

"Anyhow, I ain't a burglar, miss—I ain't after the spoons, nor yet any of the jools."

"What are you after then? You had better make haste; for Lord Elwyn and his guests will be coming into the room in a few minutes; and, if you do not explain yourself, I shall certainly inform them of your presence here."

This threat seemed to have some effect; for the man fumbled hastily in his pockets and produced a letter.

"Look here, miss! I was going to wait till I could get hold of one of the housemaids; but you seem a good kind sort of a lady, besides being, if you'll excuse me for saying so, a most uncommon handsome one, so I don't mind confiding of my business to you instead, and maybe you will help me. Do you happen to know Kathie Elwyn as is living here?"

"Do you allude to the Honorable Kathleen Elwyn, Lord Elwyn's daughter? Certainly I know her!"

"Then that is all right; and I dare say you'll do me a good turn along of that young woman."

Lucille was startled; but she became instantly intently attentive, and her heart began to beat fast.

"You wouldn't mind, I dessay, giving her that there letter now?"

He held out a crumpled envelope in a rough and not very clean hand.

"A letter! Is it for Miss Elwyn?"

"Certainly—and from me. She and I is old pals. Oh, she won't be able to deny that, although she do look at me in the hunting-field as though I was dirt! She can't deny as we was friends—she and me—long before she ever came to this swell place, as has made her forget them as loved her when she was a little chit of a girl without a farthen' to call her own."

"You mean—you mean you were an old friend of hers when she and lived at that farm?"

Lucille was a little breathless; her color came and went; she had a great difficulty in controlling her agitation.

"Yes—that's it. Friends? Ay, rather more than friends, I should say! You give her the letter when you and she are alone alike—when she's quiet and can listen to you. I want her to get it safe and sure—I couldn't trust it to any post. You give it to her miss."

CHAPTER XII.

LUCILLE MAITLAND had never been in such good spirits in her life as she was all through the dinner that night. She talked, she laughed, she smiled out of the gladness of her heart; there was a flush upon her beautiful face, and an unwonted glitter in her bright eyes.

In point of fact, she was literally wild with delight and exultation; for fate had at last given her enemy into her hands.

Just as she was at her sorest need help had come to her; and at the very moment when danger had seemed to threaten her most darkly a way out of her difficulty had been opened to her.

Adrian, gazing at her down the table from the opposite side, was fain to acknowledge to himself that he had never seen her look so well.

"How beautiful she is to-night!" he thought, with a little sigh. "What radiance! What brilliancy! How terrible it is that so fair a form should not be the temple of a fairer soul! Once I thought that beauty like that must go hand-in-hand with goodness; but now, alas, I understand her better!"

And then his eyes, by an irresistible impulse, sought a face less brilliantly beautiful, but far more sweetly attractive—a face that haunted him, in spite of all his honest endeavors, by day and by night.

Kathleen's profile was turned towards him. She was talking kindly and not a little laboriously to a young man—the son of a neighboring squire—who was neither handsome nor entertaining.

He was painfully shy and absolutely uninteresting, and yet she was doing her best to please him and set him at his ease, with that rare and true gentility of soul which will not suffer a guest to feel himself neglected or overlooked.

Adrian knew, as he watched her sweet kind smile and pretty eager manner, that the heart which prompted them was a true and good one to its very core. No such honest and simple cause, for certain, prompted the bright smiles and merry laughter of his own Lucille.

"What's up?" murmured Laurie Doyle, who sat next to his divinity, as he noted with astonishment the change in her mood since they had parted last.

"The very best of news!" she whispered back cautiously, without looking at him.

"I have got my clue."

"Your clue? What do you mean? Where?"

"In my pocket. Don't speak so loud—Adrian is looking!"

"What is it?"—in a lower voice.

"A letter—a packet. Heaven knows what it is—it is too thick for a letter! I'm going to fire it off after dinner. The game is in my own hands now!"

"For goodness' sake explain yourself!"

"I can't—I'll tell you later. Hush! Talk loud to the woman on the other side of you. I see aunt looking daggers at us; she is in a mortal fright lest I should compromise myself."

Now and again, for the very joy of it, Lucille slipped her hand into her pocket and grasped ecstatically the envelope which the man in fustian had given her in the conservatory. It did not feel like an ordinary letter—something thick and lumpy was inside. What on earth could it be?

She had determined not to deliver it to Kathleen until a fitting moment should arrive.

Fortune certainly was playing into Miss Maitland's hands that evening; for it was not many hours before the occasion she sought presented itself.

It was the custom, now that so large a party was assembled in the house—for the last few days sixteen had sat down to dinner every night—to spend the greater part of the evening in the billiard room.

Soon after the gentlemen joined the ladies from the dining-room nearly the whole of the younger members of the party adjourned thither.

Only Lord Elwyn, Lord and Lady De la Braille, Mrs. Bracey, and one or two older people preferred to remain in the tranquility of the great drawing-room.

In the billiard-room all was merriment and informality. A game of pool was organised, in which all the ladies and most of the gentlemen joined.

The men lit their cigars, most of them having effected a speedy change from gloomy dress-coats to gay smoking-jackets of varied and gorgeous colors.

Lucille and the Misses De la Braille even went so far as to smoke cigarettes themselves—a practice which was absolutely odious in Adrian's eyes, and which he thankfully observed that Kathleen had no inclination to imitate, as she turned away with openly-expressed disgust from an open cigarette-case laughingly handed to her by one of the younger gentlemen.

They were all standing grouped about the table; the game had only just begun; everybody's "life" was as yet safe. Kathleen, to whom all games and amusements came with the freshness of novelty and inexperience, was quite interested in the first few strokes, and keenly awaited her own turn to play. She was standing close to Colonel Elwyn, upon whose green ball her own pink one was destined to play. For the moment she had forgotten all the bewildering thoughts which the scene she had accidentally been a witness of before dinner had awakened in her.

She had made up her mind that, deeply as she had resented Lucille's faithlessness on Sir Adrian's account, it was nevertheless impossible for her—Kathleen Elwyn—to open his eyes to the proceedings of his betrothed. She wished he might become aware of her true nature; but she felt that she was the last person on earth who could direct his attention to it. Moreover, with her usual sweet and charitable nature, she had begun already to make excuses for her. Perhaps she really cared for this young man with the little dandy face and foppish manners—perhaps she was very unhappy, poor Lucille, and had yielded to a sudden and overwhelming temptation. And then Kathleen remembered how Sir Adrian had for one blessed and never-to-be-forgotten moment caught her to his heart and kissed her; and at the sweet recollection her cheeks burnt hotly, although it was now so long ago—so very long ago!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The ball which the Duke and Duchess of Fife gave lately at New Mar Lodge, in honor of the Prince of Wales, was remarkable for the absence of the usual contingent from Balmoral. The Duke of Edinburgh would not come, Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry were not invited; and Princess Louise, who was most anxious to be present, was kept at home by the Queen.

TESTY OLD GENT.—"Hum! Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

Young Suitor—"Well, not but I can support her in the style to which her mother was accustomed for a good many years after she married you."

Old Gent (subdued)—"Take her, my son, and be happy."

CHILDHOOD.

BY EDWARD H. RICHES.

Such times as when the heart is light,
When all is pleasing to the sight,
When sleep unbidden comes at night,
Is childhood's hour.

Such times as when the hasty tear,
As soon as comes will disappear,
When little joys of life are dear,
Is childhood's hour.

Such time as when the soul's young light,
Knows neither shade nor spirit's blight
When childhood's life's a joyous sight,
In its own hour.

Such time when childhood's faith is plain,
When love and prayer to God remain,
To us may it come back again
Ere death's dark hour.

MARGERY.

BY M. A. D.

CHAPTER V.

MARGERY had several times felt, not without wonder at herself for the feeling, that those morning walks with Estelle were the easiest part of the day. She never asked herself the reason—she had taken to evading such questions lately—but she vaguely felt that though Estelle was not less quiet and passive at those times, they were a pleasure to her, too. They had explored a great part of the neighborhood together, riding or driving in a desultory, discursive manner, and now Margery proposed that they should drive to a place called Offly Moor, from which they had been told there was a remarkably fine view.

The day was glorious, and, as they drove along the winding, undulating roads, it seemed to Margery's town-bred eyes that it would be difficult to surpass the views that met them at every turn—little wooded nooks, sheltering murmuring streams; broad meadows, stretching up and down, divided by low hedges, and stone walls; with here and there a quaint little village buried in a valley, or climbing up the hillside, with its stone cottages, its winding, hilly streets, and its rough little church. But when a sudden turn in the road brought before them the view of which they had heard so much, she gave a little cry, and bent forward with clasped hands and parted lips.

Her first impression was that she had never understood before what space was—that she had never been able to breathe before then.

From where the carriage stood the land sloped downwards abruptly for some fifty feet, and then stretched away in front and on the right hand in what seemed to her an endless expanse of undulating meadow wood, and water.

A sudden turn of the road on their left, by which a rough green slope stuck out the country on that side, seemed only to emphasize the vast sweep of the rest; and, as she looked, there came to Margery the sense that comes at times to all whom Nature really appeals, though they may never see her at her grandest and most impressive—the sense of the utter insignificance of those troubles that originate in the falseness and artificiality of life—the sense of a power and purpose above anything that we can see—the sense of rest and confidence in that power.

She was so absorbed as she sat there, her eyes shining, her lips quivering a little, that she did not hear the footsteps of a man who was coming up the road behind them, and she turned with a violent start as a voice from the other side of the carriage said suddenly:

"Miss Humpherys! What an utterly unexpected pleasure!"

Estelle had been sitting by her side, graceful and quiet as usual, her eyes resting with a softer expression than they often wore, not on the view, but on the absorbed little face by her side.

At the sound of the voice the slightest possible start ran through her; a faint flush rose in her pale, calm face; and turning slowly towards it she said, with an accent of extreme surprise, but holding out her hand with the most perfect self possession:

"Mr. Seldon! How do you do."

He was a tall man, with a handsome, clever face, which nevertheless struck Margery at not being exactly pleasant. The mouth was hidden by a falling moustache; but the expression of the rather hard grey eyes was cynical, and ever mocking.

His attitude as he stood there was very easy and graceful, and he looked like a man accustomed to command attention and respect.

"Are you staying in this neighborhood?" he continued. "It is a long time since we met, Miss Humpherys, and I hope you will not drive away now without giving me some hope that our acquaintance may be renewed? I need not tell you how pleasant the remembrance of it has been to me——"

He paused, and Estelle said, with a slight smile, and a little depreciating movement of one of her hands:

"I live at Hackley, about eight miles away. If you are staying within reach, I shall be glad if you will call. It is Miss Humpherys no longer, Mr. Seldon—I am married."

"Married!" he echoed. "Married! Is it too late for me to offer you my congratulations? And may I not know your name?"

"I am Mrs. Douglas Hollis," she answered. "Here is my card. Do come and see me if you can; society at Hackley is rather slow. I suppose you are only in the neighborhood for a short time?"

He took the card she gave him, glanced at it, and then raised his eyes again to her face.

The listlessness of her attitude and manner had gradually left her, and its presence and disappearance had both been marked by the keen eyes of the man before her.

"Yes," he answered, "I shall hope to see you again. I have heard something of Hackley. You must find it tiresome, I'm afraid."

"Tiresome!" she repeated, with a ring of amusement in her voice.

Margery felt as if the Estelle who spoke was a total stranger to her.

"Tiresome! They are appalling. We go to-night to a dinner-party, the thought of which makes me shudder. Oh, if you know how they bore me!"

"Oh," he said, with another slight smile, "a country dinner-party! Well, Mrs. Hollis, I can only hope it may turn out better than you expect. But I am keeping you. I will wish you good-bye now, in the hope that it may not be so long before we meet again. Au revoir!"

He shook the hand she held out to him again, lifted his hat, and walked quickly away along the road.

"Who is it, Estelle?" asked Margery, as he disappeared.

Estelle had sat quite still, watching the receding figure, and, as Margery spoke, she started as if she had forgotten her presence.

The color faded from her cheeks, her manner changed from its bright attention to its ordinary passivity, and she answered in her usual uninterested tone:

"He is a man I knew some years ago—a Mr. Seldon. I had lost sight of him."

There was a short silence, and then Margery said:

"I had no idea you minded the dinner-party really so much, Estelle. I am so sorry."

"Mind it!" said Estelle; and for the first time Margery heard her calm, beautiful voice sharpened by irritability. "Of course I mind it, and now I mind it more. I had begun to forget the people among whom I used to live."

There was no answer. Margery did not understand why it should hurt her so much that Estelle should speak like that; but at the moment she felt it impossible to reply.

They drove home almost in silence, and all the rest of the day she tried to persuade herself that it was only to her fancy that Estelle was different in manner—restless, irritable, absolutely discontented.

The sense of weariness produced in her by this new element of discord, to which she tried in vain to blind herself, so wore on Margery's spirits that, by the time she followed Estelle into Mrs. Camden's drawing-room in the evening, her anticipations were as gloomy as it was possible for them to be.

Her first view of the stiff, formal drawing-room, and its equally unprepossessing inmates, did not tend to reassure her; nor did the first few moments during which she was wholly occupied with solemn introductions.

When these were over, and the silence of the shy young man who was to take her in to dinner allowed her a moment's breathing space, she stole a glance at her fellow sufferers.

Douglas was standing beside a portly and imposing country magnate, looking decidedly rueful. Estelle was listening to the pompous platitudes of her host, the dissatisfied calm of her lovely face still disturbed by that new look of active discontent.

But even as Margery looked at her, her expression changed suddenly and completely. A soft pink color flushed into her cheeks, a look of glad surprise sprang into her eyes, her whole face to wake up.

For a moment Margery could see nothing to account for such a change; then, to her inexpressible surprise, she saw the man who had spoken to her on Offley Moor advancing with Mrs. Camden to Estelle's side.

"Mrs. Hollis," Mrs. Camden said, "may I introduce your nearest neighbor—like yourself, a new comer—Mr. Baxterley?"

For a moment, Margery thought she must have been mistaken. Estelle had called him Mr. Seldon. Then she heard her say in the same awakened voice that she had heard for the first time that morning:

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Seldon? Why do you spring mines on one in this way? Explain yourself, if you please."

"Willingly, and most easily," he answered. "I have inherited a little property, and a new name with it. As Mrs. Camden has told you, I am now Stephen Baxterley of Garden Cottage, and your nearest neighbor. May I hope that you will not think the worse of Hackley society on that account?"

CHAPTER VI.

IT WAS a moonlight evening, warm and still. The air was full of the soft, sweet indescribable scent brought by the night wind, which rustled overhead with that mysterious sound that only the night wind makes, and which always seems to whisper of some great secret it would tell, if only ears could be found to hear and understand.

As it rose and fell softly and irregularly among the trees, there mixed with it a distant sound of music—a woman's voice, rich and sweet, floating through an open window—and as it reached him, Douglas Hollis, walking up and down the lawn with a cigar, turned towards it, and stood listening.

His eyes were fixed on the ground, and he listened so intently that he did not hear Margery's footsteps, as she came out of the glass door leading from the drawing-room, and crossed the lawn to his side. She stood beside him, very quietly watching his face.

They had been at Orchard Court for more than three months, and since the night of the Camdens' dinner-party, had complained no more of Hackley society.

Mr. Baxterley had proved a most delightful neighbor, and, as the people about were no more congenial to him than they were to the Hollises, we rapidly became very intimate at Orchard Court.

He had fished and shot with Douglas; sung, played, and sauntered with Estelle; on this evening, as on many others, he was with her at the piano in the drawing-room.

Only Margery had never been able to overcome her first rather unpleasant impression of him, and had often remembered, and shivered a little as she remembered, Estelle's strange impression as she passed his cottage on her first arrival at her home.

And those three months, which had seemed on the surface to pass so quietly and happily away, had changed Margery as three years had failed to change her before.

The time when she had been able to persuade herself that Douglas was indeed the radiantly happy husband she had expected to see him, was long passed now.

Day by day, and week by week, she had been forced to stand by and watch him suffer; watch his patient, tender efforts to win a soft word or look from his wife; his ceaseless hunger for the love that was always withheld.

Never, by word or look, had he alluded to his pain. He was always brave, always outwardly cheerful; but—Margery saw.

About the mouth that always smiled so merrily were sad little lines, that told of ceaseless anxiety and pain; the small brown face was thinner, and in the frank brown eyes there was a look of helpless, pitying tenderness and pain.

As she stood there in the moonlight, the child Margery seemed to have disappeared. They stood motionless—Douglas absorbed in the voice of the woman he loved, Margery in her thought for him—until the voice suddenly ceased, and then, with a heavy sigh, Douglas raised his head and saw her at his side.

"Well, little one," he said, "is she coming?"

At the sound of his sigh Margery's face had twitched nervously; but she answered in a tone which was light enough, if a little forced.

"Presently," she says. "They have some new duets to try."

"Ah," said Douglas, "Baxterley has been a wonderful find in the musical line. She missed it terribly."

Margery did not answer; and, after a moment's pause, during which he relit his cigar, he went on, with a glance at her grave little face:

"It seems to me, little one, that you don't care much about Baxterley. You are always such a serious little one when he is here; and as we see so much of him now, it seems to me that it is getting to be a chronic condition with you. What is it? Don't you like him?"

She raised her eyes and gave one quick, wondering look, right into his face as he looked down at her; and then dropping them again, said, in a low voice:

"No, Douglas."

"But why? He has been such a jolly neighbor, such a blessed variety in the dead-alive society about here! He had cheered up Estelle quite wonderfully. I don't know what we should have done without him all the summer."

Again she gave him a quick look; and this time the wondering pain in it shone out so clearly that if his eyes had met hers he must have seen it. But his head was turned away and he went on:

"It isn't like you to dislike any one without a reason, Margery. Tell me—— Hush!" he added, lifting his hand, and turning towards the house.

It was Estelle's voice again, singing very softly and sweetly; and he listened, all his face filled with an unutterable love and patient longing, until with one long, tender note it died away.

Then, quite suddenly, something seemed to break him down. He dropped his face upon his hands with one hoarse, choking sob.

Every vestige of color died out of Margery's face, and for a moment she neither moved nor spoke. Then the instinct to comfort him mastered her own suffering, and then she put her little cold hands on his.

"Douglas, dear," she whispered, "Douglas, dear!"

He did not move, and after a moment's pause she went on a little faster, but still in a whisper:

"Douglas, Douglas, can I do nothing for you?"

Then very slowly he lifted his head and looked at her face as he held it in his two hands.

"No, my little one," he said, "not even you."

His voice was quite calm, but very low, and sadder in its quiet even than his sob had been.

He dropped his hands the next moment, and turned away, saying:

"Go in, dear. It is only nine o'clock. I shall go for a walk."

She did not speak again, or try to stop him; something in his face prevented her. She only stood there, watching him, as he strode, cured in the moonlight, with an expression in her eyes as if she had received a death-blow.

Then, as he passed out of sight, she turned, and went into the house; and on her set, white face there was a new look of fixed determination.

There was one thing she could do for him—only one—and that might do no good; but she must try, at least.

Half an hour later she and Estelle were alone together in the drawing-room. Mr. Baxterley had only just left them, and Estelle was saying:

"Margery, dear, you look very tired. I think you had better go to bed. I shall go soon myself."

"You will not wait for Douglas?" said Margery.

"Of course not," was Estelle's quick answer.

Margery turned a shade whiter. She did not speak again, until Estelle paused at the door of her room to say good-night. Then she said, suddenly, holding Estelle's hands in both her own:

"Estelle, won't you come in?"

She did not wait for an answer, but drew her into the room, which was lighted only by the moon, and, gently putting her into a low chair near the open window, knelt down at her feet.

"Estelle," she began, "Estelle! Oh, don't be angry with me, dear, for what I'm going to say. If you knew—if you only knew how terrible it is to me——"

She caught her breath sharply, and the curly head was pressed for a moment against the shoulder of the beautiful woman who sat so very still and cold above her. Estelle made no answer, and she went on, with a great effort:

"You've been so sweet and good to me

always, and that makes it harder; but it is for your sake, too, because I know—I know it will be misery for both of you, for both of you!"

Again she stopped, fighting bravely with her choking, sobbing breath, and Estelle said coldly:

"I don't understand you, Margery. You had better not say any more. You are over-excited."

Margery controlled herself with a violent effort.

"Estelle," she said, "it isn't that. I want to talk to you quietly; I have something serious to say. Dear Estelle, you know I love you, and you know one must notice things about people we love. Of course—I have seen—ever since—you came home—that—that——"

But Estelle stopped her.

"Margery," she said, and her voice was like ice, "do not say any more. It will do no good. What right have you to interfere?"

Margery lifted herself up, and looked for a moment straight into her hard cold face.

"I have no right," she cried, "I have no right; but—Estelle, Estelle, his heart is breaking——"

Her voice gave way, her calm broke utterly, and she fell across Estelle's knees in a sudden passion of tears.

"Estelle," she sobbed, "what is it? How was it? Did you never love him? Oh, Estelle, pity him!"

Her voice died away, and for the next few minutes nothing was heard in the room but the sound of her sobs.

Estelle sat quite still, looking down at the quivering figure at her knees, and, as she looked, an expression of pity rose in the proud, disdainful blue eyes.

At last, as Margery's sobs became fewer and more exhausted, she stretched out her hand and touched the rough brown curls with a touch that was curiously tender, though slight enough, and perfectly undisturbed.

"Margery," she said, and though her voice was as calm as ever, she spoke in a hesitating manner most unusual to her. "Margery, I think I should like to tell you. It will not help you, poor child—poor child, and I do not know why I should talk to you; but I—I am fond of you."

She stopped, and Margery whispered:

"You did love him?"

"Yes, I suppose I did. But they have spoilt me all my life, Margery; and all my life I have wanted something fresh. He was fresh—quite different to the kind of men I knew—society men. He was so earnest and so simple. I thought I loved him—quite."

She waited a moment, and then seemed to consider; then went on:

"But then when it was all settled, when we were married and there was no possibility of any change, then I got tired of him. I was tired before we had been married a week, and I have been tired ever since."

Margery made no answer. She lay quite still, shivering now and then from head to foot, her face hidden, her hands locked together.

Estelle sat looking down at her for some time without speaking again, watching her curiously. At last she said:

"Margery, don't you hate me?"

Margery lifted her head, and looked at her with her faithful brown eyes wide and dim with pain.

"Hate you!" she said, softly. "Hate you, Estelle! You don't understand at all. Douglas loves you; how could I hate you? You don't understand! Estelle," she went on.

She crept closer to her and clasped her still more firmly in her arms as her voice sank almost to a whisper:

"Estelle," she continued, "it is just because I love you so much, and there is no one but me to help you, even the tiniest bit, that I must say something else—something I meant to say when I began—something I have wanted to say for—weeks."

She paused, as if her breath had suddenly failed; then in a voice so exceedingly low that it was hardly audible, she murmured:

"Estelle—Mr. Beverley"

She was looking into Estelle's face; she did not see it suddenly lose every trace of tenderness, and harden into marble as she spoke the last words; but she felt the slender figure in her clasp grow suddenly rigid and repellent to her tender touch, and she went on hurriedly, in a half-suffocated voice:

"Estelle, don't! Oh, don't draw away from me like that! Don't you understand how terrible it is to feel that I must say it; how terrible it has been to see it all this time, and know that no one else saw it, that there was no one to help you but me? Ever since it came into my head first, I have never had it out of my thoughts; I have never been happy for a moment. I don't know how I ever came to think of such a dreadful thing, how I could ever——"

Then, with a sudden change, she cried wildly:

"Estelle! Estelle! tell me that I have made a wicked mistake! Tell me, oh, tell me that you don't——!"

She was kneeling at Estelle's feet, her white face and clasped, quivering hands raised in a passion of agonized entreaty.

But as her straining, beseeching eyes met the eyes of the woman above her, she read her answer there, and covering her face with her hands, crouched down on the floor with one low, shuddering moan. Not another sound was heard in the room.

Estelle rose, and turning from her, stood at the window, erect and disdainful in pose and gesture even then, looking with unseeing eyes over the fields and hedges lying so calm and still under the peaceful moon.

There was a long, terrible silence. Then, at last, Margery rose slowly, and went towards Estelle as she stood there, her graceful figure clearly outlined in the moonlight.

"My poor Estelle," she said, softly, taking one of the long white hands gently into her little brown ones, "Oh, my poor Estelle"

At the gentle touch and voice, Estelle turned sharply.

"What do you mean?" she said. "Why don't you go away?"

"Because I want you to let me help you," the tender voice went on. "How can I ever help you if I go away now? Oh, dear Estelle, let me help you."

For a moment Estelle drew herself up, as if to turn proudly and coldly away; but as her eyes met those which looked into her face so earnestly, her purpose changed. Suddenly she stretched out both her hands to Margery, and catching her in her arms, whispered brokenly:

"Save me, Margery; save me."

Before they had parted that night she had told Margery everything. Stephen Beverley had come into her life, at Orchard Court, just as she was beginning to feel utterly weary of it and of all her surroundings.

He had amused her; he was never dull or commonplace, as her disdainful caprice found the husband who adored her.

She had chosen to ignore the terms of half-serious flirtation on which they had previously stood, and had allowed herself to drift gradually on, until now it was her latest fancy to imagine herself in love with him.

With him it was no fancy. He had found her bored with her life; indifferent to her husband; more lovely more charming than ever; and he had taken advantage of the situation at once.

He had meant to amuse himself, after his cynical fashion, to make himself necessary to this beautiful, cold woman; and he had ended by loving her with a fierce, mad passion, which had overwhelmed his cynicism, his self-control, every light by which he had hitherto lived.

Margery never knew, exactly, what passed between her and Estelle that night; never could remember how she finally prevailed.

She only knew that, at last, she did prevail; that, when she had left her at last, Estelle had promised that Stephen Beverley should go away, and that she would never see him again.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

UNDER THE POLE.

Dr. Nansen recently read an interesting paper on the Esquimaux in the Anthropological section of the British Association. He modestly disclaimed any knowledge of anthropology, and confined his remarks to a few facts regarding the life and customs of the Esquimaux.

Limiting his observations to the inhabitants of Greenland, some of whom, he premised, came originally from North America, he divided them into two classes, civilized and uncivilized, exhibited a specimen of their picturesque costumes, and described their customs and mode of life.

He mentioned that the people in one part of the country took two years to journey to the nearest merchant's shop and two years to return.

The people had no written laws, but they were orderly and law abiding. The Eastern Esquimaux had warmer clothes than the Western Esquimaux, where many of them had nothing on a portion of the leg. The young girls wore their hair loose, and it was tied up into a high knot to show that they were ready for marriage.

When an Esquimaux man fell in love with a woman he did not go and pour passionate utterances into her ear—he simply took her by the hair of the head and dragged or pulled her to his hut. Of course a woman in Greenland must, as in all other places pretend not to like it. The women are not considered well educated if they did not run back home two or three times after being dragged away. If they run away too often the men did not like it.

There is the case of a man going over and over again to drag the girl of his choice to his hut, but she always ran back. He desisted for some time and again tried. The girl's friends saw him in the distance, and they protected her at her request. He went away without her, and the next day she was missing—she had gone to comfort her broken-hearted lover.

The husband's labor was on the sea, and after the game was caught the women looked after it. The men in the house were, as a rule, very lazy; they did nothing but eat and look after their weapons. The women were always working—either sewing, spinning, making clothes, or busy in household work.

They looked well after their children, of whom they were very fond. The men, as a rule married very early—as soon as they could catch seals enough to provide for a wife and family.

The reasons they gave for marrying were to have the seals attended to and to keep their clothes in order—of course there were other reasons.

Very often Esquimaux husband and wife separated, and this they did without any ceremony. Cases are known in which men as well as women had been married six or eight times. They seemed to consider their wives more as property than as wives—that was one of the very few cases in which the Esquimaux had property.

When the men married again, if a man liked his new wife he kept her, but if not he passed her on. When children were born, a more solid relationship was established between wife and husband. Quarreling between husbands and wives was not uncommon.

Sometimes the women got their husbands' knives into their arms or legs, but afterwards the relationship seemed to be just as good as before. Cousins never married, and second cousins tried to avoid it. They tried, if possible, to get wives from other parts of the country. In this respect the Esquimaux were more fortunate than the Norwegians were.

The peasants there thought it very proper to marry their cousins, especially when they had money, because they said the money ought not to go out of the family.

It very often happened that good catchers on the East coast had two wives; cases of more than two wives were not known. The reason given for more than one wife was that one wife could not prepare the skins of the seals caught, and also that two women had to be used to pull the boat. Sometimes one wife, when she could not manage the work and the house, asked her husband to take another wife.

Husband and wife did not kiss, but saluted by pressing noses. Parents never punish their children, and he never heard an Esquimaux speak angrily to his children. In spite of this the youngsters behaved very well.

A mother suckled her child two years. He had seen a strapping little fellow eating bread, standing by his mother's lap and taking fluid from the maternal fount.

Young girls very often got small knives and learnt how to prepare skins. This was very important to the young women, as they had to manage the cutting of the skins. The young boys were also taught to catch seals.

There were, of course, weak children, deformed ones, and those who lost their mothers. These were usually thrown outside of the houses or into the sea.

This was, of course, a very good arrangement, but rather cruel from their point of view. This practice was indulged in in order to get as strong boys and children as possible. Hospitality in Greenland was greater than anywhere else.

"How are you getting along?" asked a man of an acquaintance who had gone on the stage.

"Oh, I have met with a share of success. I played Hamlet for the first time."

"Did you get through all right?"

"Yes, except that I happened to stumble and fall into Ophelia's grave."

"That must have been embarrassing."

"It was; but I wouldn't have minded if the audience hadn't seemed so disappointed when I got out."

Scientific and Useful.

A USEFUL INK.—"Politicians' ink" has been invented by an ingenious Parisian. This ink is warranted to fade and entirely disappear from the paper within a week, so that no compromising correspondence may be preserved to injure or hamper the writer and receiver.

COMPRESSED COAL.—The use of compressed coal for domestic purposes seems to be rapidly increasing, a fact which used to be regarded as a waste product is being utilised. The disposal of dust or slack had long been a problem with coal-merchants, and in many parts of the country, hundreds of tons had been allowed to accumulate. But for some time it has been known that the dust, when mixed with a certain proportion of crushed pitch and compressed in a mould can be converted into briquettes, which have a good marketable value.

TRAVEL.—A fresh advance in modes of locomotion is evidenced by the recent trial of an electrically driven dogcart. The vehicle will accommodate four persons, the accumulators or secondary batteries being placed beneath the seats. These batteries actuate a motor which is connected by chain-gearing with one of the hind-wheels. A speed of ten miles an hour upon an ordinary road can be maintained for five hours, the motor making at that speed about fourteen hundred revolutions per minute, and developing three-quarter horse-power. The complete weight of the carriage and its fittings is a little over eleven hundredweight. The movement is under ready control by the driver, who is able to regulate the speed to any required velocity.

ELECTRIC BELLS.—Electric bells are now regarded as a necessity in all well-appointed buildings, and any improvement in their arrangement or construction is therefore a matter of popular interest. Such an improvement is indicated in a new magnetic system. The bell requires no battery, and is practically everlasting. The system consists of two parts, one being the generator, and the other the bell itself. The generator consists of a horseshoe magnet, between the poles of which is revolved, by means of a button easily turned by the thumb and finger, an armature, or shuttle of wire. This action arouses a current of electricity, which traverses the wire leading from the generator to the bell, and rings the latter. The principle is not new, but has been carried out in a manner which at once presents it in a practical form.

Farm and Garden.

FEEDING.—Unless the hogs that are being fed on corn are kept warm a portion of the corn will be wasted in supplying heat for the protection of the body. The more comfortable the hog the faster it will fatten.

FOR WINTER.—If your fingers crack open, wash your hands for ten minutes with warm water and castile soap, and before they are quite dry rub them well with glycerine. Then fill the cracks with warm shoemaker's wax. Do this before you go to bed.

SOAPSUDS.—Soapsuds on the manure heap is beneficial. The suds not only add the soda and other elements of the soap to the heap, but also induces chemical changes, during which processes the ammonia is to a certain extent prevented from escaping. The alkaline matter also largely assists in rendering some of the solid matter soluble, and reduces the whole to a finer condition.

ROSES.—Roses in pots are better out-of-doors than in, at least until the frost is very severe, and even then they may be protected to prevent injury by placing a little hay among the branches; but the pots should be plunged in ashes or otherwise protected, or they will be broken by the action of the frost. Many roses are injured, indeed spoiled, by keeping them too warm and close during the winter and forcing them into growth too early in the spring.

POULTRY.—It is sometimes recommended that ladies should devote their attention to poultry raising. This is impossible except with a small flock. To keep hens in large numbers requires labor that cannot be performed by ladies. There is not only heavy work to do in cleaning the houses and yards, but exposure to all kinds of weather must be incurred. To throw down a mess of corn to a few hens once or twice a day is an easy matter, but it is very different when poultry keeping is made a special business.

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 23, 1878.

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Attention and Improvement.

A student—and we are all students, in our way, as long as we live—should labor by all proper methods to attain a steady fixation of thought. Attention is a very necessary thing in order to improve our minds.

The evidence of truth does not always appear immediately, nor strike the soul at first sight.

It is by long attention and inspection that we arrive at evidence; and it is for want of it we judge falsely of many things.

We make haste to determine upon a slight and a sudden view; we confirm our guesses, which arise from a glance; we pass a judgment, while we have but a confused or obscure perception, and thus plunge ourselves into mistakes.

This is like a man who, walking in a mist, or being at a great distance from any visible object, (suppose a tree, a man, a horse or a church,) judges much amiss of the figure and situation and colors of it, and sometimes takes one for the other; whereas, if he would but withhold his judgment till he came nearer to it, or stay till clearer light came, and then would fix his eyes longer upon it, he would secure himself from those mistakes.

Now, in order to gain a greater facility of attention, we may observe these suggestions:

Cultivate a fondness for the study or knowledge you would pursue. We may observe that there is not much difficulty in confining the mind to contemplate what we have a great desire to know, and especially if they are matters of sense, or ideas which paint themselves upon the fancy. It is but acquiring a hearty good will and resolution to search out and survey the various properties and parts of such objects; and our attention will be engaged if there be any delight or diversion in the study or contemplation of them.

Sometimes we may make use of sensible things and corporeal images for the illustration of those notions which are more abstracted and intellectual.

Therefore, as diagrams greatly assist the mind in astronomy and philosophy, so the emblems of virtues and vices may happily teach us in many respects, and pleasingly impress those useful moral ideas which perhaps might be conveyed with much more difficulty by mere moral and abstracted discourses.

Be not in too much haste to come to the determination of a difficult or important point. Think it worth your waiting to find out truth.

Do not give your assent to either side of a question too soon, merely on this account, that the study of it is long and difficult. Rather be contented with ignorance for a season and continue in suspense, till your attention and meditation and due labor have found out sufficient evidence on one side.

Some are so fond of knowing a great deal at once, and of talking of things with freedom and boldness before they understand them, that they scarcely ever allow themselves attention enough to search the matter through and through.

Have a care of indulging the more sensual passions and appetites of animal nature. They are great enemies to attention. Let not the mind be under the influence of any warm affection to things of sense when he comes to engage in the search of truth or the improvement of his understanding.

A person under the power of love or fear or anger, great pain or deep sorrow, has so little government of his soul that he cannot keep it attentive to the proper subject of his meditation.

The passions call away the thoughts with incessant importunity toward the object that excited them; and if we indulge the frequent rise and roving of passions, we shall thereby procure an unsteady and inattentive habit of mind.

Yet this one exception must be admitted, namely: If we can be so happy as to engage any passion on the side of the study which we are pursuing it may have a great influence to fix the attention more strongly to it.

It is, therefore, very useful to fix and engage the mind in the pursuit of any study by a consideration of the divine pleasures of truth and knowledge, by a sense of our duty to God, by a delight in the exercise of our intellectual faculties, by the hope of future service to our fellow-creatures, and glorious advantage to ourselves, both in this world and that which is to come.

These thoughts, though they may move our affections, yet they do it with a proper influence. These will rather promote our attention, than divert it from the subject of our meditations.

A soul inspired with the fondest love of truth, and the warmest aspirations after sincere celestial beatitude, will keep all its powers attentive to the incessant pursuit of them.

Passion is then refined, and consecrated to its divinest purposes.

The spirit of envy, whose root is pride, is as cowardly as it is malignant; often attempting to disturb the happiness of others by sly and injurious insinuations which it does not openly avow; it means to wound and yet hide the insidious intention,—like the dark assassin, who, while he plunges the dagger, would conceal the hand that strikes the blow. If this odious disposition be cherished by the mind that once conceives it, it will prove a continual torment to its host, who at length, to get relief from so unpleasant an inmate, will send it forth on errands of unkindness, till its aid becomes necessary at home as a defense against the very retaliations which itself has excited.

Some persons of apparent uprightness seem easily to connive at errors made in their own favor, and are with difficulty brought to the settlement of an account when they know the balance of it will be against them; but when the case is reversed, none of these reluctancies appear; they are then ready to join in bestowing on evasion and delay their proper epithets. But the really honest man is, on such occasions, like a true square that works both ways equally.

It is possible to entertain a passionate concern, that has much seeming sincerity in it, for distress over which we have no control; and at the same time have very little sensibility for those which are within the reach of our moderate exertions to remove or to alleviate. In such a case we are like those who spend their substance in visiting foreign countries, and when they return home have little left to subsist on.

To do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly, are precepts of religion which answer to the divine Witness in every human mind; and no one doubts or denies their obligation on others, however the depravity of nature may counteract them in himself.

We are all apt to judge of ourselves and others by the standard which is highest in our own estimation, whether it be reason or revelation.

The most dangerous persecutions are not those which afflict the body, but those which tempt us to a violation of peace and a good conscience; for when these pleasing inmates are wilfully parted with, even outward afflictions press upon us with a double force, and the poor mind, like a vessel at sea that has lost both rudder and compass, seems left to the sport of the winds and waves.

As in passing along we see each other more plainly than we see ourselves, it is very common for one man to be exposing the faults of another, while his own conduct is quite as much the subject of concern and disapprobation; so true is the saying of Solomon, "He that is first in his own cause seemeth just, but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him."

He who does nothing himself that he would disapprove in the conduct of another, is so far an exemplary character; but to indulge in liberties with others which would offend us if the like should be taken with ourselves, shows the consequence in which we hold ourselves in regard to them to be above par.

Censorious strictures on the foibles and inadvertencies of others are often an insidious way of the censor's insinuating that he is free from them himself; but a little reflection may convince us that it is much easier to make pertinent remarks on an impropriety in the conduct of another than to avoid it in our own.

Such is the extreme duplicity of the human heart that a person may represent the beauties of virtue and religion in an engaging manner, value himself, and be in high reputation with others on that account, and ye bear little or no resemblance to the picture he has drawn.

It is probable that in proportion as we are envious and censorious we are self-conceited, and entertain so exalted an opinion of ourselves that we cannot bear to think we are exceeded by others, especially by those who rank below us in worldly advantages.

Reverence without affection, fear without love, devoutness without trust, solemnity without submission, is not piety. But these combined and mingled in their just proportions constitute that holy state of mind which in apostolic language is called godliness.

Caution in the use of positive expressions is a great preservative against rudeness of manners. Children, particularly, should be discouraged from saying "I will" and "I won't," which mostly spring from an impatient and unsubjected temper.

When most eager to be possessed of secrets we are least fit to be trusted with them; minds worthy of confidence have generally too clear an idea of the nature of such deposits as to be importunate for the possession of them.

In our endeavors to correct each others faults we should not forget that they are like sores of the body, which no one can well bear roughly handled. In either case hard friction irritates and often makes bad worse.

If thou be necessarily connected and must thus live with an envious person, never let him discover that he can offend thee; he will make the chagrin he excites a pretence for repeating provocation.

It is mere pride that makes us pretend to despise those who offend us. For, if they did not vex us, we should be unmoved by their attacks and pity them for being so ill at ease with themselves.

There is, in the breast of a godly man, a most trustful, confiding love—a most gentle, quiet, childlike hopefulness in God. It is this, indeed, which constitutes the very essence of godliness.

Praise has so often proved an impostor that it would be well, wherever we met with it, to treat it as a vagrant, and oblige it to undergo a strict trial in the court of conscience.

Between the possession of things and the proper use of them there is a difference, which our minds are commonly too much contracted by selfishness to discern.

The World's Happenings.

The latest gum shoe has a creeper already attached.

A Waynesburg, Pa., thief stole a bee hive, bees and all, recently.

In England two brothers have just ended a debauch by committing suicide.

A musician in Indiana, though in excellent health, has just ordered his tombstone.

Two brothers are opposing candidates for the State Senate in a Long Island district.

Put a penny in the slot in Paris and you can get a cup of hot coffee, judiciously sugared.

At West Harwich, Mass., Sylvia Lathrop, 81 years old, recently picked 101 quarts of cranberries in a single day.

A bald headed eagle undertook to dispute the right of way with a locomotive near Alleyton, Mich., lately. Result, a dead eagle.

An electrical device whereby the name of an approaching station is inscribed on a conspicuous tablet on a railroad car is coming into use.

A York county, Pa., schoolmistress has got into trouble through fastening sticking plasters over the mouths of her pupils to keep them from talking.

Presley Winthrop, of Ohio, killed his brother because the latter cheated at marbles. Both were boys and had carried revolvers since they were 9 years old.

There is a man in Laredo, Texas, who is a graduate of a college, but has never yet been able to tell time by a clock. A watch is to him an impenetrable mystery.

The advertising columns of the London newspapers recently announced that nine cannibals from Terra del Fuego would be fed three times a day in view of the audience at the Aquarium.

The late Mrs. Annie Price, weighing 525 pounds, who was buried in New York recently, was placed in a rosewood coffin 28 inches wide on top, 24 inches wide on the bottom, 28 inches deep and 4 feet long.

Frank Watson, of Six Lakes, Mich., treed a coon and chopped down the tree. As the tree was falling his dog ran under it; he jumped forward to rescue Rover, and was caught and crushed to death.

Bavaria's mad monarch has a wonderful fondness for cigarettes, smoking almost a hundred of them a day. He delights in seeing blazes, and after lighting each cigarette he ignites the box of matches.

Mary Lumb, of Arkansas, is the mother of quadruplets. She is as black as coal, but the children are of various hues. One is as black as his mother and another perfectly white. The other two are of intermediate shades.

Tillie McCready, of Mississippi, determined nine years ago never to marry a man who either smokes, drinks, swears, chews, or uses slang. She is not married yet, and thinks of making a compromise if one gets a chance.

George Fredericks, who lives near Loretta, O., was badly scared the other night by something he thought was a ghost at his bed-room window. Investigation showed, however, that the intruder was only his old white horse.

Very few people are aware how many more people have visited the Paris Exposition than were admitted to the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876. This had 9,853,625 visitors, and the Paris Exposition is in a fair way to have 35,000,000.

Matilda Moore, of Greenfield Springs, Colorado, has killed three mountain lions, can ride as well as any cowboy, and is an accomplished pianist. Her father took her West four years ago from Boston to save her life. She is now healthy and happy.

One of our leading men is not at all afraid that this country will be overcrowded through the rush of immigration. He says that "the area of arable acres in the United States is 25 per cent larger than that of China, which supports a population of nearly 400,000,000."

Theopolus Gardner, of Arizona, thought it no sin to beat his wife with a cudgel and throw his 2 year-old daughter out of a second-story window. The neighbors took a different view of the case. Gardner's body has not yet been cut down, and his widow shows no disposition to bury him.

A. C. Carr, the "apple king" of Kennebec county, Me., has raised a queer apple this year. The sweet and sour portions are distributed in alternate layers extending from stem to blow, and from one-half to one inch wide, and can be distinguished by the color and texture of the outside skin.

A Danbury, Conn., woman narrowly escaped being buried alive recently. All her friends and relatives had assembled at the announcement of her death, and the arrangements for the funeral were well advanced when signs of life appeared, and she recovered from a trance that had closely resembled death.

The Sheriff of Wood county, Ohio, is after a farmer who lives all alone and has 14 dogs to guard his house and four spring mans not to guard his barn. He was once robbed of a bag of oats, and he took it as a warning and is acting accordingly. The farmers around him claim that the barking of the dogs can be heard two miles.

Robert Roy, of San Francisco, for 20 years Secretary of the Hibernia Bank, died last week. Lately he had softening of the brain, due to a curious accident. About two years ago he pricked the palm of his hand with the sharp point of a lead pencil. Blood poisoning followed, and the painful surgical operation rendered necessary shattered his system.

Probably the smallest republic in the world is the one which declared its independence on August 9 at Francevills, one of the islands of the New Hebrides, and elected a president. The inhabitants consist of 40 Europeans (including a solitary Englishman, a missionary,) and 800 black workmen employed by a French company. The new flag of the Republic having been duly hoisted, a French gunboat landed a detachment and saluted the flag.

TOLD ANEW.

In the dusk and down a lane
Two walked, hand in hand, together;
Blew the wind and fell the rain;
Little heeded they the weather.
Cold March winds might storm about;
Warmth within mocked cold without.

What said he to make her start,
Flush and glow with sudden pleasure?
What could cause the woman's heart
Then to beat a faster measure?
Why did eyelids, prone to rise,
Hide the light of glowing eyes?

'Twas the story told anew,
Old, yet never antiquated:
Just the same words—just a few—
Just the case so often stated—
Just the same in every wise
As once was told in Paradise.

On the Balance.

BY A. Y. R.

IT was in the afternoon of a dull February day, and darkness was closing in all around, as we rode homewards together, Maude Bradford and I, after a long and exciting run with the Vineyard hounds.

I had piloted my companion successfully through a somewhat difficult country; but we were still a good way from home. Our tired horses plodded slowly along at the pace that suited them best, while their riders forebore to press them; although these last were not without apprehension of a scolding when they reached home, for being so late.

I had long been in love with Maude; but I had never before mustered courage to tell her as much. But now she looked so handsome and bewitching, and smiled upon me so kindly, that I tumbled into the avowal before I knew what I was about. And Maude was neither surprised nor angry.

She blushed a little, smiled, looked down at the plashy road, and up at the murky sky—where a sulky gleam of sunlight still lingered—and then she turned to me with a happy light in her eyes that was not to be mistaken.

"It is all right with me, Frank," she said, as I seized her disengaged hand; "but you will have to talk my father over first."

Mr. Bradford had accompanied his daughter to the meet; but we had left him behind at the first fence, looking out for a gap which, it appeared, he could not find.

No doubt he had ridden home, and would have something to say to me on our return. But at the next turn of the road we overtook him, and at the sight of him our horses' heads diverged, and we rode a great deal further apart than we were before.

But Mr. Bradford was in great good humor. He had managed to see a good deal of the run, by judicious short cuts along miry lanes, and he was so pleased with his own performance that he looked indulgently on our escapade.

"Come in to dinner, Frank," he cried, as we reached the grassy ride that led directly to the Grange, which the Bradfords had inhabited for several generations.

I had a mind to excuse myself, for I was weakly desirous of postponing the operation of "talking over" Mr. Bradford to a more propitious occasion; but an encouraging gesture from Maude made me accept the invitation.

Not that there was anything formidable about Mr. Bradford. Indeed, he was the best friend I ever had. He had been my guardian, and the trustee for the little property that I inherited from my mother; he had placed me in his bank when my education was finished, and was giving me a larger salary than perhaps I deserved.

All the more, I felt that I was making an ungrateful return, in trying to win his only daughter, for whom he might fairly expect a more brilliant alliance.

For, though I was well enough off, as a bachelor—could afford to keep a horse, and take a day with the hounds occasionally—yet my annual budget was but a poor affair, after all.

And, then, although, as far as family connections were concerned, I was, at least, equal to the Bradfords, yet there had been something queer about my father.

He had come to grief in some way or other, and had left my mother to break her heart over his desertion. Not that she would acknowledge that he had deserted her. He had only gone away to find fortune and a home for her on the other side of the Atlantic.

But my mother never heard from him again, and I know that his neglect brought her to the grave. Yet, to the last, she loved him, and wore a portrait of him always in a locket next her heart.

On her deathbed she gave me this locket, and made me promise that, if ever my father and I came to meet, I would be a dutiful son to him—a promise that I made with some reservations, for I had come to hate him for his neglect of her, and had promised myself that, when I came to be a man, I would make him suffer for what she had endured.

But these boyish impressions had grown feebler now, and, with the advent of my passion for Maude, had almost disappeared, and my chief anxiety was lest her father should make it a point against me, 'that I might prove, after all, "a chip of the old block;" for I had heard people say "how like young Forester grows to his father."

Dinner at the Grange passed quietly enough. There were no other guests, and Mr. Bradford retailed the various episodes of the day's hunting to his wife, who smiled pleasantly, and now and then put in a word, which was all her husband wanted to keep him going.

Maude was even more nervous than I, and when she followed her mother from the room, and I ventured to squeeze her hand in passing, she gave me an anxious, half-frightened glance, as she whispered, "Don't be long."

And then, screwing up my courage, I took a seat at Mr. Bradford's side, and plunged at once into what I had to say.

With his head supported on his hand, Mr. Bradford listened to me in silence, gravely, and even sorrowfully, it seemed to me.

"My dear boy," he said, when I had finished my story, "I ought to have foreseen this, and prevented it. But, after all, perhaps it is only a young man's fancy—and a girl's. Can't you give it up?"

I shook my head, and was in the way of explaining what a vital affair it was for both of us, when he interrupted me.

"I will take all that for granted, Frank, and, if that were all, I don't think I should prove hard-hearted. But if you persevere you will drive me into explanations that may be painful to both of us."

With that he rose and, unlocking a drawer in his escritoire, drew out a small parchment-covered volume.

"Frank," resumed Mr. Bradford, laying his hand kindly on my arm, "I am going to give you a proof of my complete confidence in your honor and trustworthiness. I have the reputation of being a rich man. If I were, I should like nothing better than to make you young people happy. Well, here is my last balance sheet, which no other eye but mine has yet seen. Look it over and judge for yourself."

To this I demurred. Mr. Bradford's balance sheet was nothing to the affection which existed between Maude and myself.

If he were not so rich as people thought, then all the better, as far as I was concerned, for there would be less inequality between us.

Still Mr. Bradford urged me to read the document before me. Say that he wanted my advice as an expert. Well, on this ground, I could not refuse to glance at his schedule.

At first sight, the document seemed of a highly satisfactory character. It struck me that the item of cash in hand and at call was rather small, considering the amount of liabilities.

But with an institution that enjoyed the solid credit of Bradford's old bank, perhaps it was not necessary to keep a large reserve of coin.

Anyhow, there was a comfortable balance in Mr. Bradford's favor of about five hundred thousand dollars. But a rapid glance at the assets that made up the satisfactory balance, suggested certain misgivings:

"Freehold and leasehold properties, valued at $350 000. Reversionary interests, estimated at $150 000."

"Will it do, Frank?" asked Mr. Bradford, with a keen glance at my face.

The only objection I could make was, that perhaps too much capital was locked up in the above items.

"You have hit the blot, Frank," said Mr. Bradford, smiling grimly. "The $350 000 is represented by a mortgage on the Thunderstone Mines, in the county of Derwell—that is, by some waste land, rusty machinery, and a couple of shafts half-full of water. The $150 000 worth of reversions consists of annuity insurance policies for that amount, on the life of the former proprietor of the Thunderstone Mines. This last asset is an expensive one, as it costs me a thousand a year to keep up the policies.

"You ask me, perhaps," said Mr. Bradford, warmly, "how I could have been mad enough to make such advances upon worthless securities? I reply, that I was deceived by one in whom I placed implicit reliance—just as I am placing implicit reliance upon you, Frank—and that man was your father. He it was who robbed me of my money, and left me with this fearful burden on my shoulders."

"And where is he now?" I asked, in a voice full of bitterness against the man who had brought sorrow and destruction upon all about him.

"That I don't know," replied Mr. Bradford. "The insurance offices pay him a small annuity just to keep him alive, and to have evidence of his existence. I have heard that he acts as croupier in a gaming house.

"You see, Frank," continued Mr. Bradford, in compassionate tones, "there is only one chance for us—I may get a rich partner. The business of the bank is sound and profitable, my credit is unimpaired; but at the first shock, or crisis, down we go. Well, I have got a chance. John Berrisclough, who is worth, you know, half a million, has suggested my taking his son Henry as a partner. Henry is much attached to Maude, and I should have said, before this affair of yours, that Maude was decidedly well-disposed to him. Well, if this match can be arranged, Henry will bring in a capital of $250 000, and the old bank will be put beyond the reach of danger. We won't forget you either, Frank. After a time you shall be brought in as a junior partner."

But this was a little too much to bear. I must give up my darling, that was inevitable; but to be asked to sell her—to renounce her love for so many dollars a year—this was beyond endurance.

"Whatever my father may have been," I said, hotly, "I am a man of honor. I no longer ask you for your daughter; but I can't stay here to see her sold to another, and share in the profits of the sale. As soon as you can replace me, I will leave the bank, and seek my fortune elsewhere."

Mr. Bradford shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, if that is how you choose to take it, Frank, there is nothing more to be said. But you must not speak to Maude in your present excited state. I will make your excuses, and after a night's rest you will, perhaps, see the matter in a more reasonable light."

And he rang the bell in a dignified way to order a dogcart to take me home. But I preferred to walk, and left the house at once, finding the mizzling rain and dark, murky way in sufficient harmony with my present feelings.

Presently appeared the lights of Market Mellish gleaming over the bare hedgerows, and before long I found myself in the high-street of that little town.

In the centre of the high-street stood the old bank, a warm, cheerful, red brick house of considerable size, which Mr. Bradford had occupied himself, in his younger days.

Here I had been allotted, by the kindness of Mr. Bradford, a couple of handsome rooms; while the rest of the house was occupied by our head clerk, Absolon, who was charged with the safety of the premises.

Mrs. Absolon looked after my domestic comforts. She was a bright, bustling little woman, and generally brought an atmosphere of cheerfulness about with her. But this night, as she came into my room, where I sat brooding over the fire, she looked quite serious.

"Oh, Mr. Frank," she began, "I had such an upset this afternoon. It was just about dusk, and I saw a gentleman walking on the other side of the street, and he looked up at the windows; but, dear me!" she cried, noticing my woebegone expression, "have you seen him, too?"

"Seen whom?" I cried, with an attempt at my usual manner. "I have seen fifty, more or less, and if you were at the window, Mrs. Absolon, I don't wonder at anybody looking up at it."

"Now, none of your nonsense, Mr. Frank. This is a serious business. It was your father, I am sure—poor Colonel Forester. And he didn't look much older either, and just as beautifully dressed as he used to be, with a flower in his buttonhole, and all! Oh, he was a charming man, your papa, Mr. Frank; but still the seeing him unexpected like gave me quite a shock. And I have been expecting all the evening to hear his knock at the door!"

Just at this moment a sharp double knock resounded through the house, and Mrs. Absolon gave a little scream of terror.

But the knock only announced a telegram after all, which I opened, according to standing orders. It was a foreign cablegram, and bore the succinct message:

"Dead certainly, proofs by mail."

I sent off the message to the Grange. This little event had roused me, and I began energetically to make preparations for departure, while Mrs. Absolon looked on amazed as I gave her hurried instructions about this and that.

"Now, mind, I must have all my things home by Saturday, and send round and tell young Blake he can have Chancellor for four hundred dollars. And the dogs; yes, I must find a home for the dogs."

Mrs. Absolon's amazement gave place to indignation.

"Home for the dogs!" she cried. "Why, they've got a home, and it would break my heart to part with the dear creatures. And, as for selling Chancellor, you shan't do it, Mr. Frank. Where will you get another horse as will suit you so well? I see how it is. You have had a tiff with the old gentleman, and it's to be havoc and ruin everywhere. But you wait; to-morrow will tell a different tale. And I shan't send word to the laundress about your things neither, Mr. Frank. And just as your father has come home with his fortune made, and everybody's to be happy and comfortable."

The good woman's last words struck me, with a thought that such a thing was just within the bounds of possibility. But it was utterly unlikely; and Mrs. Absolon had been deceived, no doubt, by some point of fancied resemblance.

Anyhow, I did not slacken in my preparations for departure. Not another night would I sleep in the house, which would doubtless soon be occupied by Maude and her future husband. And, when morning came, I was ready for a start, but in what direction I had not made up my mind.

But I went round the old place, took an affectionate leave of Chancellor and the dogs, and then found my way to the old churchyard, which sloped so pleasantly down to the winding valley, to pay a last visit to my mother's grave.

Strange to say, the wet turf already, early as it was, bore marks of fresh footsteps—somebody had left a little bunch of flowers there, on the flat stone slab—white, exotic flowers.

But all this was driven out of my head when I reached the bank-house. A carriage from the Grange was standing at the door, and Mrs. Absolon was looking out for me with a triumphant expression.

"There's somebody waiting to see you upstairs, Mr. Frank."

And as I darted up two steps at a time, she called out:

"What about Chancellor and the dogs, Mr. Frank, have you found a home for them yet?"

And on the threshold of my sitting-room stood Maude, blushing, radiant; and, as I clasped her in my arms, she whispered:

"It is all right, Frank. You are to forget what papa said last night. He has sent me to make his peace with you, and bring you home to breakfast."

Ah, what a happy morning that was after our night of misery! For Maude had been as wretched as myself. When I had gone away, without a word to her, she had been in the depths of desolation, and her father's manner, gloomy and morose, had convinced her that there was no more hope for us.

But in the morning all was different. Happiness had come in sleep, although she had hardly slept a wink. Some good news had changed her father's disposition.

Happy! how could we be otherwise, with our own hearts' desire, and all the charm and enchantment of love's young dream?

Yet, through it all there sounded a note of doubt and dread; in my ears, at least, for Mr. Bradford's revelations had shown me how thin was the crust on which we were standing.

And presently I was told the news which had changed Mr. Bradford's views so suddenly. He had kept it back from me at first, for it was not news at which I ought properly to rejoice.

But the foreign telegram was from an agent he had employed to ascertain with certainty what had become of my father; and by the news of his death Mr. Bradford would be the richer by $150 000, as well as relieved from the burdensome yearly payments.

The five thousand a year he thus saved he would give to his son-in-law and daughter, and, with replenished coffers, the bank would enter upon a career of increased prosperity.

But the proofs were the thing, the proofs

of the identity of the deceased, which, when they arrived, did not prove thoroughly convincing, somehow to the representatives of the Insurance Companies. Further evidence was called for, and thereupon did delay and anxiety.

But there seemed to be no reason why the wedding should be postponed. Mr Bradford, having once given his consent was anxious that the affair should be quickly concluded.

Marriages in May everybody knew to be unlucky, and why should people marry in May when they might marry in April? So for an early day in April the wedding was fixed.

As a preliminary, a partnership deed was signed by Bradford and myself, and, from that moment, my anxieties became most poignant.

There was a grand dinner party at the Grange, followed by a ball, to celebrate the event and in honor of the approaching wedding.

All the best people in the county were there, and nearly all the chief magnates were condescending enough to congratulate me, and to assure me that the confidence, so long reposed in the old bank, would be strengthened and confirmed by my accession to the firm.

But there was one conspicuous absentee, and that was Mr. John Barraclough, who had intended his son to marry Maude, and settle down to business.

Still, he had taken Mr. Bradford's excuses very well, and had promised that the little misunderstanding should not effect in any way their business relations. For all that, I fancied that our friend was a vindictive kind of man and would do us an ill turn if he could.

And, although I tried my utmost to be as gay and jubilant as beseemed my position, I could not help seeing the skeleton that sat with us at the banquet and waltzed in and out among the dancers, or realising how the people, who now showed us so much consideration, might, in a few weeks' time, be reproaching us as rogues and vagabonds.

Quickly enough followed our wedding day and the honeymoon in Paris, which, bright and happy as it was, still was for me overshadowed by suspense and anxiety. We had constant news from home, and all of a cheering, pleasant character.

But the Insurance Companies had not settled, and a private letter from Absolon conveyed the somewhat disquieting report that an agent of the Companies' had been in the town making inquiries as to a rumor that had somehow got about, that my father had recently been seen very much alive and in perfect health in his native place.

"But it all turned out baseless," added Absolon, "and if they don't soon pay up we will made them."

In the same hotel with us were staying another newly married couple, whose goings and comings excited much more attention than ours.

The newspapers recorded their movements with ornamental flourishes, visitors arrived blocking the courtyard with their carriages; journalists came to interview Colonel Woodward, the renowned American financier and millionaire; the costume and appearance of the charming American bride was the subject of constant comment.

An accidental meeting in the lobby of a theatre revealed the fact that Maude and Mrs. Woodward had been schoolfellows for a short time in England, and a strong and sentimental friendship sprang up between the two young women.

The American was a pretty, lively, amusing creature, and an excellent companion for Maude, who went about with her everywhere.

The Colonel himself was rarely in their company. Maude described him as grave and gray, but very well got up for an elderly man. The Colonel and I had exchanged formal visits, but we had never met.

I fancied that he avoided me; but there was no particular reason why we should seek each other's society, and he was generally occupied all day long in receiving official and financial people.

Whenever I returned to our hotel, after the shortest absence, I was sure to make particular inquiries as to letters and telegrams, always dreading some bad news. But my partner continued to write in excellent spirits as follows:

"One or two good accounts had been opened. The crops were looking well, and there was every prospect of a good year."

But, one afternoon, a telegram awaited me:

"Return home, business complications feared."

I felt that the very worst must have happened; complications meant ruin. We must leave by the train from Paris that evening. My wife, I was told, was in the apartments of Mrs. Woodward.

I ran to seek her and bid her prepare for immediate departure. The Colonel's servant admitted me. He was sure the two ladies would return in a few minutes. I sat down in the gaily-decorated salon to await their arrival, and, to pass the time, took up a book of photographs.

There was the Colonel's bride, in every variety of pose and costume; there was the Colonel's yacht; there were the Colonel's famous trotting-horses; but where was the Colonel himself?

Why, here, in proud humility, at the very end of the volume; the Colonel himself, with his shrewd, inquiring, watchful air; and again, as if to show his wife what a handsome young fellow he had been, the same Colonel—he must have been only a lieutenant then—with curled ambrosial whiskers.

But what was it that struck me all of a heap, as I examined this last portrait? Why, the conviction that it was perfectly familiar to me; that it was the fac-simile of the miniature, mounted in a locket, which my mother had given me on her death bed, and which I always carried with me.

I tore the photograph from the book and took it to the window to compare the two more fully. As I did so, I heard a slight noise behind me, and there stood the Colonel, watching my proceedings with a strange look on his face. As I turned, he drew a revolver from his pocket and covered me with it.

"Put up your hands, you scoundrel!"

"You are mistaken, Colonel Forester," I rejoined, with as much calmness as I was master of, with that ugly weapon turned full upon me. "I am not a thief. If you kill me it will be murder; and you have guilt enough upon your soul without that."

"What in thunder do you mean?" exclaimed the Colonel, dropping the muzzle of his weapon, but keeping his finger on the trigger.

"Do you deny that you are the original of this portrait; that you are Colonel Forester?"

"If you know that, you know too much," he cried, and fired upon me at once.

But the shot was fired an inch or two too high, and just cut off a lock of hair, without injuring the scalp. Next minute I had closed with him, and tried to wrest the pistol from his grasp.

In the struggle, our worst passions were aroused. I wrested the pistol from his grasp, and was about to strike him with the butt end of it on the head, when, to my excited vision, a hand appeared to be stretched between us—a shadowy hand—but one that I recognised as my mother's. I flung the pistol to the other end of the room.

"Forgive me," I said, loosening my grasp. "I forgot my promise to her."

The Colonel sank back upon a couch, looking white and scared.

"What, are you her son and mine! Are you Frank Forester? Well, I own up. I have been a scoundrel, perhaps, but not quite so bad as you would make me out. If I seemed to desert her, it was because I had sunk too low to hope to claim her. And when fortune turned, it was too late. And now I am started in a new existence, and I don't want to be haunted by the ghosts of the past."

"That was all very well," I replied; "but he must do justice to the man he had plundered, whose ruin was now imminent, and would involve his daughter and son-in-law in the same evil fate."

The Colonel sat and pondered. At last he said:

"Look here, Frank, chuck in those life-policies, and that thundering mine, that old Bradford ought to have made something of, and I'll give you a bill for $500 000, which is about what I lifted from your father-in-law. Now sit down, and make out your contract note, and, as time presses, I'll write a bill for the dollars. And after that we go our ways, and know each other no more."

Just as the Colonel handed me this bill, and I had given him an undertaking to transfer the Thunderstone Mines and sundry policies of insurance to his possession, Maude and Mrs. Woodward appeared in the doorway.

"Your husband and me's been having a deal," said the Colonel, shaking hands. "Sorry to lose you so soon. My dear, you'll have to take leave of your friend. Sorry to lose you; but we'll meet again, in the old country, perhaps."

We have not met yet. But the bill was all right. I got Rothschilds to endorse it to their London house, and away we went for home as fast as train and steamer could carry us.

At Dover we were met by a special messenger from the bank, with a confidential dispatch, enjoining me to see our London agents and use the most powerful representations to get them to honor our bills now falling due.

It was John Barraclough who had made all the mischief, and Bradford added that if assistance were not forthcoming before morning, the bank would not open its doors.

But, as things turned out, I walked into Messrs. Whatman and Wilkins's, in Lombard Street, our agents, with a jolly, assured air, left a handsome cover for all forthcoming bills, and then away for home, with Maude by my side, and, as a footstool, a bag filled with gold and bank notes.

Already the telegraph had put dear old Bradford's mind at ease; and the old bank opened its doors next morning without anybody knowing how near it had been to a total collapse.

We never discovered, by the way, who it was who so closely resembled the Colonel, that his death was so nearly accepted as that of his double.

But it certainly was my father who had visited our town and left the bunch of flowers on my mother's grave. And I believe that the little gift was remembered in his favor when he stood in peril of his life at the hands of his son.

THE FORGER'S PEN.—I was talking with a Treasury official on the subject of forgery. "Did it ever occur to you," said the official, "that a forger has half his work done when he can get hold of the identical pen with which the owner of the signature habitually writes? A great many men, bank presidents and the like, use the same pen for their names only for a year or two without change. A pen that has been used by a man in writing his name hundreds of times and never used for anything else, will almost write the name of itself. It gets imbued with the spirit of the signature. In the hands of a fairly good forger it will preserve the characteristics of the original. The reason for this is that the point of the pen has been ground down to a peculiar way from being used always by the same hand, and for the same combination of letters. It would splutter if held at a wrong angle or forced on lines against its will. It almost guides the sensitive hand of the forger when he attempts to write the name."

A Picnic at the Antipodes.

BY SYDNEY CARSTONE.

FANCY a picnic in the middle of November; and that, too, under a clear blue sky and roasting sun. To people who associate this month with fog, frost and general gloom, the thing sounds absurd, unnatural.

We have said good-bye to the past, and must try to make the best of our new existence and, after all, life flows on pretty much the same on both sides of the globe.

In Australia as in America, possibly in Kamtschatka as in Patagonia, young people enjoy themselves as merrily, and old people look on at their pranks, as pleased, or as disgusted, as their disposition is genial or sour.

Except that the rising generation out here are more free and easy in their manners, and less under the control of their elders, there is little apparent difference between the old world and the new.

We made the preparations for our picnic with scarcely a thought of a possible wet day, for at this time of year in Sydney rain seldom interferes with any outdoor amusement.

Indeed, as one coughs and sneezes, half blinded by the clouds of dust sweeping along the roads, one no longer regards rain as a nuisance and a kill-joy, but as a blessing fervently to be longed for.

We had a two hours' drive before we reached our destination, and a very pretty drive it was. Part of our route lay through regular country which might have been hundreds of miles away from Sydney, or any large town.

Houses were few and far between, and the most primitive of human habitations cropped up at intervals. Great plank sheds, or boxes, very suggestive of large bathing machines, were perched up on piles of stones, to keep them clear of damp, or reptiles.

These are run up by the men who have bought the patch of land, to live in while they are clearing away the scrub from their ground.

In the course of time, if things go well, that wooden shanty will develop into a comfortable house, possibly into a gorgeous mansion, the wife will change her broad-brimmed straw hat and cotton petticoat, for fashionable bonnets, silks, and velvets.

She and her daughters will bedizen themselves in massive jewelry, and drive in their own carriage to Government House, there to run skirts with the elite of the colony.

In a new country like this, families go up and down very quickly, and it does not do to inquire too closely into antecedents.

People take their position by what they have, not by what they are, and the largest fortunes seem almost invariably to be made by those who began in the humblest way.

We saw the inevitable hotel, or rather public-house, wherever there was the slightest excuse for its presence, in the assemblage of a number of houses.

The publican here is a thriving and important personage, and rises to high social and political dignity, with his "sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts."

The spot where we encamped and dined was decidedly trying to a new arrival—owing to the intense heat and glare of the sun and the swarms of mosquitos buzzing around. Here, however, one soon learns not to give vent to any longing for what is not to be had.

The Australians are touchy beyond belief, and to express a wish for a little shade, or to groan at the stings of the mosquitos, is considered little else than a reflection upon the Colony, and the crying up of the old country at the expense of the new.

The callousness exhibited by old inhabitants, as regards the sufferings of "new chums," in the matter of mosquitos, is a hardship, and unquestionably aggravates the irritation caused by those tormentors.

As we sat down, we could scarcely hear our own voices, the sound made by the cicadas was so loud. These insects were in thousands on the trees, and looked as large as humming-birds, as they flew from one to the other.

Some are brown, others leaf green. They have each four exquisitely delicate and transparent wings, on the head is what looks like a little garnet brooch. The eyes are hard and prying, like red beads.

They do not seem at all sensitive to touch; one of our party touched them with a glass, but apparently without producing the slightest effect. It is difficult to believe that such unnatural looking eyes should really be organs of sight.

The noise made by the cicadas is deafening, and resembles the violent ringing of thousands of electric bells, or the angry discussions of a swarm of vociferous sparrows.

I believe it is caused by a sort of internal drum arrangement. Small boys delight in catching the insects, then they keep shaking them, to make a rattle.

I was told that it is only the male cicadas that make this sound, which proves that in the animal kingdom, it is not only the human lords of the creation who like to hear the sound of their own voices.

One thoughtful married lady of our party had brought two large pieces of calico, which were with difficulty fastened on the branches of the trees, and which afforded some shelter to the few who were so fortunate as to be under them; then, the ice pails were produced, and the butter and bottles of ale and lemonade put into them.

Ice is almost essential here in summer, for without it drinking water is tepid and butter like oil.

A most bountiful supply of good things was spread out before us, and abundance of fruit. There was also plenty of refreshing tea kindly made by the mistress of a house close by, who received us most hospitably when we went to ask the favor, making us rest in her cool, darkened room, and giving us drinks of her home-made lemonade.

The empty boxes and baskets were eagerly seized upon as seats by those who were most timid about the insects and reptiles.

One gentleman had prudently brought a bottle of eau-de-cologne to rub on the mosquito bites; it has some effect in mitigating the venom of the sting, but, I believe vinegar is the best remedy of all.

I could not but envy and wonder at the little heed that the Australians paid to these insects and to the intense heat. They sat on the ground, indifferent to the armies of ants crawling over them—though one person was badly stung; and, after dinner, the young people played ball, and similar active games, in the full blaze of the sun.

Later on, the party settled down to quieter amusements, some to sing songs and glees, others to relate and listen to amusing anecdotes, and the more staid to play whist and bezique.

At half-past six a substantial tea was prepared and done full justice to, after which the horses were put to, and we drove back by such glorious moonlight as is never seen at home.

It was lovely and enjoyable beyond my powers of expression; yet my experience of this very pleasant day, leads me to the conclusion that picnicing in Sydney is attended with drawbacks unknown at home.

The intense heat burns and smarts the skin, the strong sun-glare is almost blinding, and the sting of the ants and mosquitos painful, irritating, and disfiguring.

I sighed (to myself) for the grateful shade of our thickly-leaved trees, for the fresh velvety green grass, above all, for the welcome sound of running water, for the rippling streams and purling rills, so plentiful at home, are almost unknown in this region of long droughts.

Summing Up.

BY S. S.

"LANCE, oh! Lance, why don't you answer? What ought a leg of mutton to weigh?"

Lance Mynford, junior partner in the great publishing firm of Blank and Blank, seldom permitted business to interfere with the attentions due to his young wife, but gallantly devoted his evenings to her.

On this particular Monday, however, he thought it no harm to read a manuscript of some importance while Mrs. Mynford was busy at her desk making up, for the first time, her housekeeping expenses for the past week.

For the first time, and she had been married six weeks? Hereby hangs a tale, and it is this.

Sidonie Mynford was a charming little woman, anxious to please her husband and make his home happy; and if by always meeting him with a smile, dressing prettily, receiving his friends cordially, and enchanting them with her singing, she could have achieved this end, all would have been well! but it must be confessed that she was deficient on one essential point; she had never learned the art of domestic economy, and before marriage had returned to all the hints and expostulations of her mother the same careless answer:

"All in good time, dear little mater; I shall soon learn whatever it is necessary for me to know. I shall always keep good servants, and consult the cookery-book, and you will see that I shall manage fairly enough."

Yet six weeks after her nuptials she was not only regretting her heedlessness, but trying to atone for it; sitting with brows puckered, and the corners of her pretty mouth drawn, employed in making entries in a brand-new account-book, and attempting to decipher the butcher's hieroglyphics.

Up to the previous week she had congratulated herself on possessing a cook who sent up the nicest of dinners, and never gave her any trouble; but Mr. Mynford had protested against the totals of the bills, and made special calls on the tradesmen who sent them in, from which he returned to accuse the obliging cook of robbing him scandalously.

She was sent about her business; a less accomplished, but more trustworthy, par-

son engaged; and Sidonie agreed to pay the bills and keep the weekly accounts herself.

"What should a leg of mutton weigh?" repeated Lance Mynford, suddenly brought back from the buried city of Herculaneum to the every-day life of the nineteenth century. "Why, that depends on the size of the sheep."

"But how am I to know what size the sheep was?" argued Sidonie. "It was a Welsh one—that is all I have heard about it—and I do not like to question cook, for she laughed outright when I proposed that we should grill the turkey your friend Jones sent us. I'm sure I've read of grilled turkey in books of travel."

To this information there was no reply, for Mr. Mynford was making notes of certain corrections a paragraph of the manuscript would require before it was put into the hands of the printers; and his wife, with a sigh, resumed her entries and her study of the butcher's bill.

But she soon felt in too much need of sympathy to be silent.

"Lance, darling, do listen to me for a minute. What did we have for dinner last Wednesday?"

"Be whipped if I know! Wasn't it meat or poultry of some sort or other?"

"According to Suet's bill it was capital *S*, capital *R*, with a little *d*, and a *Bf*. Why doesn't the man put it plainly?"

"Ask him; it's no use asking me!" said Mr. Mynford, rather sharply.

"Besides," added his wife, "I am quite sure, now I come to think of it, that it was on Wednesday we had minced veal and the grouse uncle Archibald gave us. Could it have been the—the what did cook call it?—the silver-sided piece of meat we had for cutting sandwiches for that water-party?"

"We had sandwiches, and they were atrociously thick."

As Mrs. Mynford had cut them herself, and was aware that they did not do her credit, she let this observation pass; and for a few minutes nothing was heard but the murmur of her voice as she jotted up the various sums entered in her book, and figured up the total at the foot of the page.

"Thank goodness that is over, and need not be repeated for a week!" she ejaculated, triumphantly. "And very neatly I have done it, too! Not an erasure nor a blot to spoil the look of the first page of my book. After all, it's not as unpleasant as I expected it would be, and I rather enjoy the thought of going to the several shops in the morning, and paying my bills. It makes the people so civil and eager to oblige. Lance, dear, will you give me a check for my week's expenditure? I have reckoned it up."

"One moment. This fellow writes as crabbed a hand as your butcher; it is almost impossible to decipher it."

Sidonie came and sat on a low chair at her husband's knee, and waited with commendable patience, till, vexed at his inability to make sense of a passage in the manuscript, Mr. Mynford tossed it from him, and turned to his wife.

"I have pored over that dry-as-dust, but certainly very clever essay, till my head aches. You must give me a cup of strong coffee, mousie, and some of your sweetest music."

"As soon as you have signed my book and given me my check," replied Sidonie, more intent just then on her housekeeping than her husband's evident fatigue. He saw this, and it displeased him, for he was really too tired to be as forbearing as usual.

"What is the amount?" he asked, rather gruffly, as he drew a writing-case towards him, opened his check-book, and dipped a pen in the ink. But he paused to glance in dismay from Sidonie's sum total to her calm face.

"*This!* Why, it is monstrous! Either your new cook must be as big a cheat as the other, or else there is some error in your calculations. Our expenses for one week cannot reach such an enormous amount as this!"

"I am sure I have been most prudent, most economical," Sidonie assured him, with rising color. "Twice I refused fish last week because it was dear, and cook has nothing to do with my purchases. I give the orders, and all the bills are sent to me."

"Then you must change your tradespeople," said Mynford, decidedly. "These charges must be extortionate. You and I and two servants cannot consume enough food to cost all this money!"

"There was our contribution to the water-party," he was reminded.

"A dish of sandwiches and a few tarts that could have been bought at any confectioner's for five shillings! Nonsense, Sidonie, that could not have mounted the bills to such a total. I do not want to find fault, but frankly you must manage better than this. My income is not large enough to stand such a heavy expenditure in mere eating and drinking."

"But we have lived precisely as papa and mamma live at home, and I never heard anyone call my dearest mother extravagant; it would be a great falsity if they did."

Sidonie was getting angry, but so was her husband.

"I don't know why Mrs. Heddon's name should be dragged into this argument. Her management may be excellent—indeed, I have no doubt that it is; but that does not alter the fact that your weekly bills amount to a sum I cannot afford to pay."

"Then we had better discharge the servants and live on bread and water," said Sidonie, sulkily.

"Now you are talking like a child, my dear."

"And you, sir, are unreasonable," was the prompt retort.

"I do not intend to be, nor do I think I am. I simply point out to you that such heavy weekly accounts will be a serious tax on our means, and you must effect a reduction in them."

"Must!" echoed Sidonie, her bosom heaving. "That is not a word you ought to use to me!"

"I think I had better go and have a walk," said her husband, rising; "and we will not discuss this subject till we can do it without losing our tempers."

The young wife did not speak again, though he loitered about the room, ostensibly engaged in putting his papers together, but really to give her an opportunity of confessing herself in the wrong.

She sat with head averted till he walked slowly away; but when the outer door closed behind him she started to her feet and burst into hot, angry tears.

"He is unreasonable," she protested, "most unreasonable. I have been so careful and prudent as a wife can be. There is not an item in either of these bills to which anyone in his senses can object. Twice I have written to mamma to make inquiries when I suspected an overcharge, and I declined the Smiths' invitation for this evening—gave up a pleasure to which I had long looked forward—solely that I might make up my housekeeping-book, and this is my reward!"

Then she began to ask herself:

"Are we to have similar scenes every Sunday? Is Lance degenerating into one of those penurious men who begrudge all but the commonest necessaries to their households? Oh, it will be horrible! What a life mine will be! No amount of affection will reconcile me to it."

The prospect thus conjured up made her tears rain down in showers.

"He will come home presently," was her next thought, "and expect me to say I am sorry, and I still fail to see that I have been in the wrong. How mean of him to make me so unhappy, for the sake of a few paltry pounds!"

Suddenly Sidonie ran upstairs, and dressed herself, for walking.

"I will not stay here fretting. I will go to mamma, show her my entries, and she shall judge between us. Lance will not like it, but I do not care."

With the brand-new account-book tucked under her arm, and her thickest veil pulled over her face, away went Mrs. Mynford.

The timid bride, who never had walked out alone after dark, now forgot her vague alarms in the graver trouble of this first quarrel with her husband.

However, she had not gone far when she became irresolute.

"After all I do not think I ought to go to mamma, especially as she has been ill. It would worry her, and she would have a bad night. But I must have someone to advise me. I will go to Lance's mother. She is apt to be imperious, and may agree with him in censuring me; but she is a woman with plenty of experience; she will understand my lack of it, and even if she scolds a little, will give me good advice."

Mrs. Mynford senior happened to be sitting by herself that evening, for her husband had taken his daughter to the musical reunion Sidonie had reluctantly declined.

She was a stately, elderly lady, of whom many stood in awe because she was apt to express her opinions somewhat brusquely; but she had a sincere affection for the pretty, caressing little creature her son had wedded, and now rose to meet her with a pleased smile.

"What, 'come to cheer me in my loneliness! This is very kind of you! But who came with you? Where is Lance?"

A fresh burst of tears being the only answer her questions received, Sidonie was gently placed in an arm chair, her hat removed, and her temples bathed with some eau-de-Cologne.

"Hush! don't speak yet. When you are calmer you shall tell me what is the matter. But what have you under your arm?"

"Oh, it is the source of all my trouble," sobbed Sidonie. "Dear Mrs. Mynford, don't be as hard on me as Lance has been, for indeed I have done my best."

"All young wives fall into errors, you foolish child, so how can you expect to be exempt? But don't tell me you have come to lay a complaint against your husband! Can you fancy Lance so forgetting himself as to complain of you, either to your mother or his?"

Sidonie sat rebuked, and struggled hard to recover her composure.

When she could speak she said, humbly:

"You are right, I have acted too hastily in coming to you without his knowledge, but as I am here, please advise me, for I am not keeping my housekeeping expenses within the sum which Lance considers he can afford. You are more experienced than I. Tell me where my fault is, and I will be very grateful and do my best to mend it."

A little questioning put the elder lady in possession of all the facts, and the book was opened on her knee. While she ran her eyes down the items, Sidonie sat and cried quietly, for she had not yet forgiven Lance, nor reconciled herself to the prospect of having her weekly summings-up rendered a species of small martyrdom by continual criticisms and rebukes.

"A very clear page," commented Mrs. Mynford, "and for so young a housekeeper, a very creditable one; but I certainly should not allow fresh butter in the kitchen, nor use new-laid eggs for the puddings."

"Then you are tolerably well satisfied with me, and Lance grumbled without a cause? I was sure of it!" exclaimed Sidonie, wiping away her tears.

"Stop a minute," said her mother-in-law, "you have not heard me out. I was going to add that your handwriting reflects great credit on your governess; but your arithmetic—well, it certainly might be improved, and to your own advantage."

Sidonie reddened.

"Dear Mrs. Mynford, I have reckoned up the items three times, and always brought them to the same amount exactly. See here—three and five are eight, and seven are——"

But a hand was laid on hers, and she was checked in her eager adding up.

"Before you go any farther, suppose you explain these items," and Mrs. Mynford read aloud. "'Paid chimney-sweep $12.' A very expensive chimney, Sidonie. And a little lower down is this startling announcement: 'Paid greengrocer's account, $25.' Have you been living on pineapples at $5 each, and peaches at $2 per dozen?"

"I don't understand," murmured the perplexed housekeeper. "Oh, yes, I do. What absurd mistakes I have made! I have put the figures in the wrong rows. The chimney should be 50 cents, and the greengrocery $1."

"Just what I suspected, you very unpractised book keeper! Now dab your eyes with this rose-water, drink the tea I have rung for, and then go home in the cab Martha shall fetch for you, and if Lance has a good laugh at your expense forgive him."

It was the best of counsel, and Sidonie followed it implicitly.

She found Lance pacing the drawing room in a very perturbed state of mind, angry with his young wife for her flight, and hesitating whether to follow or leave her to herself till she sued for a reconciliation.

She had been to his mother, not her own. On hearing this his brow began to clear; a little explanation did the rest.

Sidonie is now the clever managing head of a large family, in which neither waste nor niggardliness are ever known; and if her husband loves to tease her sometimes by asking if she has forgotten the trials and troubles of her first summing up, she bears it good humoredly.

A Dog of War.—An interesting dog story was related by General Bartlett to some friends in Washington not many days ago. The canine was named "Budge," and followed the Army of the Potomac during the early years of the war. Budge had a habit of chasing cannon balls, and while thus engaged during a battle he lost one of his legs. He was left on the field, the men being too busy to care for him, but some days afterwards he limped into camp. A surgeon of the Twenty-seventh New York fixed up the stump and in the course of time it healed. Budge was all through the Peninsula campaign, and during the advance and retreat he bobbled along, and during engagements followed his favorite pastime, chasing cannon balls and shells.

Nothing could abate his zeal in that direction. Budge followed the troops back to Washington, took part in the second battle of Bull Run, the battle of South Mountain, and thus bobbled along until he reached Antietam.

In the battle of the second day Budge chose to take part in the conflict on our right, and seemed to enjoy it. He was very busy that day, and had got so that he could make good time on three legs.

He had plenty of balls and shells to look after, too. When the fight was over, along in the afternoon, Budge was missing. The next morning, while passing through the terrible 'cornfield' in search of the dead and wounded, some of the boys ran across the lifeless body of old Budge, and, by his side, was the body of a wounded member of the brigade who had been in the habit of feeding him.

Budge, he said, remained with him when he fell, and when the Confederates swept through the cornfield in one of the numerous charges made, Budge defended him against what he knew was the assault of an enemy, and was shot down.

Industrial Family Names.—Our Bakers may be readily traced to their floury handed ancestors, but the Baxters must be followed for generations before we find that they were of the same family, being the descendants of the Bagsters, who were the offspring of the Bagesters, who acknowledged that they were the children of the Bakesters, who were feminine bakers.

Of the bread-making tribe were also the Breaders and the Whitebreads, the latter perhaps once priding themselves on the color of their stock in trade, while nearly related to them were the Mills, the Millers and the Meniers. The large and respectable family of the Boulangers came from the French bakers, who carried on their trade in England during the ages when family names were growing, while Mr. Lowe suggests that the Boillingers and the Boilmens are of the same origin.

"Whoop! Look out there, Johnny," shouted the old man, as he stuck his head out from behind the woodpile, "you had better not go into the house." "Who's after you?" asked Johnny. "Ma!" "Yes. Somebody tangled all the saphyr that she was using to work a 'God Bless Our Home' motto, and she's been out of temper ever since."

Terrence Maguire, a hod carrier in New York, fell from a fourth-story platform to the ground. He held on to his hod, but in falling turned so that his head was down. He fell into a mortar bed but the hod broke the blow, so that aside from a severe shaking up and a good deal of lime in his eyes he was uninjured.

At Home and Abroad.

The length of the United States from east to west is about 2,800 miles, and from north to south 1,609. The coast line measures 30,000 miles; it has one mile of coast to every 412 square miles of surface. There are 700 species of bird in South America, of which nearly 300 are peculiar: the turkey and the mocking bird belong to the latter class. Greenland, more than 1,400 miles long, is probably the largest island in the world; some geographers think it is a cluster of islands frozen together. Iceland geographically belongs to America, but is considered by some as belonging to Europe, because of its early discovery, in the ninth century, A. D.

A Tobolsk journal describes the marriage ceremony between a former Russian officer, condemned to ten years' hard labor in the mines and life-long banishment, and a young and beautiful girl, possessing an ample fortune in her own right, who had faithfully and wearily followed the footsteps of her lover. The bridegroom was brought to the altar of the prison chapel in the soiled grey clothes of a miner, his ankles bound by chains rivetted to the iron waistband. The marriage ceremony over, husband and wife bade each other a sad but hopeful farewell; he to return to his gloomy toilsome life, and she to wait wearily until her husband obtains the freedom of a colonist.

A writer in a paper looked through a microscope at a closely shaved face and he reports that the skin resembled a piece of raw beef. "To make the skin perfectly smooth requires," he says, "not only the removal of the hair, but also a portion of the cuticle, and a close shave means the removal of a layer of skin all around. The blood vessels thus exposed are not visible to the eye, but under the microscope each little quivering mouth holding a minute blood drop protests against such treatment. The nerve tips are also uncovered and the pores are left unprotected, which makes the skin tender and unhealthy. This sudden exposure of the inner layer of the skin renders a person liable to have colds, hoarseness and sore throat!"

It is reported from Japan that it is in contemplation to erect a bronze statue on an open space immediately outside the Imperial Palace in Tokio, and artists were invited to send in designs. One of the latter represented the Emperor seated on his favorite charger, the horse being so placed that its feet should rest on either side of the entrance bridge. This is said to have been much admired by the officials of the Imperial Household; but when it was submitted to the Emperor it was immediately vetoed, on the ground that it was not in accordance with the principles of hospitality and politeness that foreign princes and personages of distinction who came to visit him should have to pass under the feet of a horse bestridden by him.

Says a New York writer, I heard the other day that a prominent clergyman recently lost a call to a leading church because when preaching a sermon as a candidate he pronounced a single word incorrectly. "Oh, Doctor, that was a lovely sermon you preached this morning," said a lady recently to her Pastor in a large New England town, "but, if you will pardon me for mentioning it, its effect was very much impaired by a little slip in pronunciation; you placed the accent on the second syllable of the word 'obligatory' instead of on the first." The lady in question was one of those dangerously intelligent women to be found everywhere in New England, and was a member of a Ladies' Orthoepy Society which made life a burden to everybody in the town. Knowing this, the clergyman tried to keep up with all the recondite pronunciations in vogue; but once in a while he made a slip, as in the above instance, and at once heard from some of the good ladies. Correct pronunciation is of course desirable, but it is a little absurd to make a fetish of it.

Recently a man was executed at Osuna, in Andalusia, Spain, for murder. Up to the last moment the wretched convict, who had been placed in the chapel for twenty-four hours with a priest from a Hermandad of Peace and Charity, according to Spanish custom, expected a reprieve, because the local authorities and corporations, even in Seville, had made powerful efforts to induce the government to advise Queen Christine to commute the death sentence into one of penal servitude for life. Now it seems that the Government not only recommended the reprieve, but that the Queen Regent actually signed it, and orders were telegraphed to insert her decision in the Madrid *Gazette* and to forward it to Osuna. The authorities caused the usual delays, and the telegram that announced the reprieve arrived only when the convict had already been executed. The shocking affair has created a painful impression at Osuna and Seville, and is commented upon in the severest terms by several Madrid papers as a terrible illustration of the defects of telegraph service, which prevented the royal pardon from being sent in the proper time.

Husband, all ready for the theatre: "I declare, dear, it's raining hard!"

Wife, buttoning her gloves: "Well, what's a little rain? One would think from your tone of voice that we were about starting for church."

Our Young Folks.

THE BRAVEST OF THE VIKINGS.

E. S. HARRIDEN.

THE coast of Britain was for many years exposed to terrible invasions by the Danes. They came over in their great ships, or dragons, as they called them, laid waste the country, carried off rich plunder, and put to sea again.

These hardy Norsemen, or Vikings, as we like better to name them, were nothing more or less than sea robbers, who knew no fear, and who were ready for any adventure by which they might gain fame and fortune.

The more daring they were, the more honored they became, for these old Scandinavians—our ancestors, mark you—prized nothing so much as courage, and hastened always to place themselves under the leadership of a man whose valor was proven.

This love of courage has been handed down to us as our own heirloom, and we still honor the brave ones of the earth, though, indeed, our notions about true courage are greater and nobler than the Vikings' ideal.

But there is one thing which we have inherited from the Norsemen, and which neither time nor circumstance has ever altered, and that is our glorious love of freedom, boundless as the ocean itself which the Viking dragons rode so fearlessly.

Somewhere about the year 826 A. D., Sigurd, a great Viking Chieftain, dwelt, together with his followers, in the Bay of Tredaland.

He was called Sigurd the Dauntless, and men were proud to take service with him, and he was known to be a faithful and generous-hearted master. Every year he led his warriors on some daring expedition, and this particular spring he had made up his mind to invade the north coast of the Humber, and to conquer Egbert, who was King of Wessex.

It was the evening before his departure, and all of his followers were gathered together in the great hall feasting and drinking. Sigurd and his wife, the Beautiful Lady Bergthora, sat on a raised bench on the north side of the hall.

Seats and tables for the warriors were placed down the length of the hall on either side of the fire. Each man had his own appointed seat, and on the wall behind him he had fixed his burnished shield, and his sword, his spear, his great battle ax, and his coat of mail-armor. Sigurd looked around him, and his heart glowed with pride. He turned to the Lady Bergthora, and whispered—

"No man can boast of braver champions than these. I am well content to be their leader."

Then he stood up to speak to them—a splendid warrior presence. His flaxen hair streamed over his shoulders; he wore a blue tunic edged with gold, which reached below his knees; his legs were covered with linen bound with cross garterings; his cap was blue, encircled by a broad band of gold, and decorated with two splendid eagle's wings; he carried his sword in a richly gemmed belt; his arms were covered with large gold bracelets; he was tall and strong, and his voice rang lustily through the hall.

"Comrades," he cried, as he raised to his lips a horn of mead, "I drink success to our voyage, for to-morrow we turn our dragons' heads towards the coasts of Britain. We shall return rich in spoil, and in what is dearer than spoil—fame. I want you to know that I am proud to be your chieftain, for never had chieftain braver warriors than I have. Let the ocean waves dash over our decks, let the storm clouds lower over our heads; we will laugh at the storm clouds, and we will laugh at the ocean waves, for we have always conquered them, and we will conquer them again."

"Ay," shouted the warriors, as they sprang to their feet, "and we will conquer them again."

"We shall come back," continued the chieftain, "and the Lady Bergthora shall give us the rewards of valor, golden rings and gold en words of praise. We shall tell her that we have met our foes openly and fairly, and that we have dealt no secret treacherous blows; and she will know that we have spoken truly, for true Vikings scorn low deceit. Is there any one here who has any boon to ask of me? Let him speak fearlessly, for I am in the mood to grant requests."

Then a young boy, who had been listening eagerly, came forward, knelt before Sigurd, and kissed his hand. This was young Frithiof, one of the Lady Bergthora's kinsmen; a gallant boy, full of daring and courage, beloved of the warriors.

He was clothed very much like Sigurd himself, though without the costly ornaments which marked the chieftain's rank. As he knelt and bowed his head, his fair hair fell over his breast—a richer gold than any ornament fashioned by the goldsmith.

"Cousin, I have a boon to ask," he said excitedly. "Let me go with you to-morrow. I cannot bear to be left behind. Last year, when the ships left the bay I watched them until they were out of sight. I saw the shields in the sunshine. I longed to be on deck. I know I am only a boy, but there is strength in me. Look at my arm, cousin—it is strong, isn't it? You think it would tire, but indeed it never would. It would fight for you and with you; and I am not afraid to die, for have you not always said that the Vikings do not fear death; and I am of true Viking blood, am I not?"

"That he is," murmured some of the warriors, looking at the boy kindly.

"Let me go with you, cousin," pleaded Frithiof. "It seems to take such a long time to become a grown man."

Sigurd put his hand on the boy's head.

"Wait another year, Frithiof," he said. "You are but a mere lad yet—some few months off thirteen, isn't it? I do not doubt your courage, Frithiof, and the strength of your arm; but a year will make it stronger still; be patient a few weeks longer. I believe in you, Frithiof, and know that you will do great deeds worthy of your Viking name, which all Vikings honor. But the time is not yet ripe, and I am unwilling to let you go this year. And, then, my warriors are all proven men, and it would not be seemly that you, an untried youth, should take your place amongst them. It is not enough to inherit a great name—one must earn a great name for oneself."

"Let him come with us," said one of the Vikings, stepping forward. "We are willing that he, boy as he is, should be one of our number."

But Sigurd shook his head.

"Not so, Gudrun," he answered. "I must not be unjust. I would not grant this favor to the son of any follower of mine, and therefore I must not to my own kinsman. And Frithiof would not wish it, now that he understands."

"No, I would not wish it," said Frithiof sadly. "But perhaps before next year comes I shall be found worthy."

"I am sure you will," said Sigurd, as he took the boy's hand in his own. "And we shall all be proud of you—ay, and jealous of you too, Frithiof. And you will be chieftain, and lead us into every kind of danger, and we shall come out victorious. Meanwhile, in our absence, help to guard the lives of those who are dear to us; for sometimes foes are nearer at hand than we think."

At that moment one of the servants from the farther end of the hall came to say that a traveller in distress begged to be admitted for a night's shelter.

The Vikings were noted for their hospitality, and the stranger was welcomed without further question. He sat amongst the servants, and did justice to the food which was immediately handed to him at the table.

He seemed overcome with fatigue, and did not speak. The Lady Bergthora sent Frithiof to welcome him, and to offer him a horn of mead.

"You'll drink to our gallant chieftain?" said young Frithiof, as he stood by the stranger's side.

"Ay, that I will," answered the guest; but there was a curious smile on his face as he spoke those words, and Frithiof, looking at him, instinctively distrusted him.

He told this to the old Viking Gudrun, and got a hearty laugh for his pains in telling him.

"Bless the boy!" said Gudrun, smiling; and, turning to one of his comrades, he said that Frithiof had a sharp eye and a sharp wit, sharper than Gudrun's sword—and that was saying a good deal, as everyone knew, especially those who had the misfortune to receive it right through their bodies!

Well, the night wore on, and the warriors, according to their custom, slept in the hall. They had feasted heavily, and most of them snored heavily.

But Frithiof could not sleep; he was thinking all the time how he should love to go away on the morrow and take his place amongst Sigurd's warriors, and show them that his arm was strong and his heart was fearless.

He remembered how desolate he felt last year when he watched the ships out of sight, and then came back to the hall and looked in vain for the burnished shields and the swords which but the evening before had hung on the walls—each shield, each sword, over each man's seat.

Frithiof knew that he should feel more desolate this time; but he was determined to do some deed in Sigurd's absence so that in the next spring he might not be thought unworthy to fight by Sigurd's side.

"It must be some great deed," he said to himself—"something greater than killing a bear and earning the right to have the skin stretched over my shield. What can it be, I wonder?"

Just then Frithiof looked up, and saw a figure creeping stealthily towards that part of the hall where Sigurd rested. It was the stranger! Frithiof recalled his ill favored features, and was seized with anxious suspicion.

As the stranger came near him he closed his eyes and feigned sleep; but he knew that the man bent over him, as though to satisfy himself that no watchful eye marked his movements.

Then he passed on. He held in his right hand a knife. Frithiof saw it glisten in the glow of the firelight, and knew that treachery was in the air.

He took Gudrun's sword, and stole after the crouching figure. His heart beat wildly when he realised that the man was making for Sigurd's bench.

He raised the knife, and was just about to attack the sleeping chieftain with it, when he himself fell back, uttering a fearful cry: for Frithiof, coming up just in time, had thrust Gudrun's sharp sword into the stranger's side, and thus, by his timely aid, had saved Sigurd's life.

"Help! help!" he cried. "Treachery!"

And Sigurd and all the warriors started up, and found Frithiof standing by the chieftain's bench, and the stranger lifeless on the ground, the knife firmly clasped in his right hand. And they recognised him to be Sigurd's bitterest foe.

Then a ringing cheer sounded through the great hall—a ringing cheer for Frithiof, who had known how to defend the chieftain's life and how to kill Sigurd's enemy; and great as the honor was, not one of those Vikings would have wished to take it from the boy, who had proved himself a man.

They crowded round him, and old Gudrun nearly wept with joy and pride.

"He has done his great deed," they cried. "What deed could be greater than this? We are proud to have him amongst us. He must go with us on the morrow. He must hang his shield on the bulwarks of the dragon-ship. The Lady Bergthora must give him his sword, for he has earned it right well."

"Ay, that he has!" cried Sigurd, as he drew the boy near to him. "He shall go with us on the morrow, and fight by my side; and he shall be called the Bravest of the Vikings."

So the next morning the Lady Bergthora gave him his sword in the presence of all Sigurd's followers, and she bade him go forth into the world and win fame and fortune.

"Guard my lord from all evils, Frithiof," she whispered, as her hand rested on his fair head, "and bring him safely home to me."

And young Frithiof swore by his sword.

Two hours later, the ships, six in number, left the Bay of Tredaland. They were long vessels of beautiful proportions, carved into the head and tail of dragons.

Each one carried thirty-two oars. According to the Viking custom, the warriors' shields were fastened on the bulwarks, and the sun, shining brightly, made the ships' sides to look like glistening gold.

As for young Frithiof, he stood on the deck of the chieftain's dragoon, and mingled his voice with the ringing cheers of the Vikings, who cried—

"Lords of the sea are we—kings of the ocean waves!"

And this was how Frithiof went on his first Viking voyage. We know nothing more of him; but we can be sure that he bore himself bravely, and was worthy to be amongst Sigurd's followers. Stay. In the old chronicles of Wessex there is a short account of a terrible Viking invasion in the reign of King Egbert; and we learn that there was a certain boy Viking who was taken prisoner.

But the king loved him for his courage, and spared him because of his youth, and set him free.

I cannot help thinking that this boy must have been Frithiof.

FRANK SHANK, a consumptive convict at the Southern Indiana Prison, was pardoned by Governor Hovey, lately. His death is a matter of a few days. Shank is a young man, and his imprisonment was the result of a love affair. He belongs in East Germantown, Ind., and a dispatch explains that "up to two years ago he bore a good reputation. He became dissipated, and the parents of his sweetheart forbade him to visit their house. She met him clandestinely and tried to reform him. One night, as she started home from church, he called her aside, and because she refused to accept his company stabbed her dangerously in the neck. After a lingering convalescence she strove to shield him on the trial, and at his conviction and sentence for six years, she declared her intention to wait for him. On learning of his fatal illness she went with a petition and finally secured a pardon."

THE FORK.

It seems clear enough, in the light of negative evidence, that the few forks included in the silverware of the middle ages were not used as forks are used to-day. Since kitchen-forks served as spits and for holding roasts, it is probable that the high born lords and ladies of those times, who only appear to have possessed these instruments, used their silver forks for toasting their bread at the breakfast-room fire.

There is some direct evidence that they were employed to hold substances particularly disagreeable or inconvenient to handle, as toasted cheese, which would leave an unpleasant smell; or sticky sugared dainties; or soft fruits, the juice of which would stain the fingers.

Only one incident is related of the use of the fork in the Nineteenth century fashion. This was by a noble lady of Byzantium who had married a doge of Venice, and continued in that city to eat after her own custom, cutting her meat very finely up and conveying it to her mouth with a two pronged fork.

The act was regarded in Venice, according to Pietrus Damianus, as a sign of excessive luxury and extreme effeminacy. It suggests a probability that the fashion of eating with forks originated at the imperial court of Byzantium and thence extended to the West.

Some hundreds of years had still to pass before it could be domiciliated in Europe, for this doge's Byzantine wife lived in the Eleventh Century, while the fashion of eating with forks did not become general till the Seventeenth Century.

ESTABLISHING A FRIENDLY FOOTING.—"Young man," he began, as he caught him at the hall door, "you've been coming here quite often of late."

"Yes, sir."

"Which one is it?"

"Maud."

"Maud, eh! Well, Maud is a good girl and a great favorite. I have no objection sir. I used to go to school with your father, and I know all about you."

"Thank you, sir."

"Just make yourself at home, sir. Do you happen to have $5 or $10 in your pocket? I'll hand it back next week. Yes, Maud is a nice girl, and if I should forget this loan, just speak about it, will you?"

SOME people are too superstitious for anything. There are men who consider it the worst kind of a hoodoo to have a heavy ladder fall on them on a Tuesday. There is another man who invariably turns around and goes around the corner if he sees an old friend approaching.

He owes him $25 and it is one of his pet superstitions that it would kill his luck forever to meet him on this earth. And there's O. E. Super, he never lends an umbrella on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday or Sunday. This superstition has taken entire possession of him.

"NOT so well to-day, eh? Have you kept him quiet and given him his medicine regularly?" Mrs. Richard Bevylin Suckner—"Dey ain't been nobody in de room wid him 'cept me an' de chilluns, so he's been nice and quiet; an' I give him de med'cine like you tole me—three spoonfuls every hour." Doctor—"Great heavens, woman, it's a wonder he's alive! I said one spoonful every three hours." Mrs. Richard Bevylin Suckner—"Well, now, Doctah, they ain't no diff'rence between one three an' three ones. Count 'em fo' yo'self an' see."

CUTTING GLASS.—Glass it is said can be cut with scissors in the following manner:—The glass must be kept quite level in the water while the scissors are applied; and, to avoid risk, it is better to perform the cutting by taking off small pieces at the corners and along the edges, and to reduce the shape gradually to that required. The softer glasses cut the best, and the scissors need not be very sharp.

THE BLUSH.

BY ALICE KING.

When I wooed my sovereign lady,
She was all a girl should be,
Sprightly, tender, fair and courteous,
Only haughty just to me.

Bowed I late and bowed I early,
Ever duteous at her shrine.
But no glance of soft relenting,
But no gracious word was mine.

On a day when spring went laughing
O'er the meadows, dropping flowers,
Followed I, as roamed my lady
Where bird-music filled the bowers.

Down she sat and fell a musing,
With her head on her white hand;
And behind a spreading alder
Stealthily I took my stand.

Tripped a band of maidens past her,
Mockingly cried out my name,
And a blush as bright as morning,
Flashed into her face like flame.

Then I knew the golden secret:
How her love was veiled by pride;
Like an arrow sped towards her—
Wooed once more and won my bride.

CURIOSITIES OF LEPERDOM.

It is generally held that the surviving Crusaders brought leprosy back to Europe with them from the East; in fact, it used to be bitterly said that that was all they did bring back with them.

From Father Damien back to St. Louis there has been no lack of devoted charity towards these wretched outcasts.

In the Life of the canonised monarch by the confessor of his queen, Marguerite, is an account of his visit to a leprous monk whom he found eating pork, which was then a customary food of lepers. But the King had a pair of fowls and three partridges roasted for the monk, carved a partridge for him, and fed him with it himself, "putting the morsels into his mouth;" and in those days there were no forks.

The disease was by no means confined, as many have thought, to the lowest classes. Robert the Bruce died of it in 1329; and when the Order of the Knights of St. Lazarus was founded for the care of lepers, it was one of its leading rules that its grandmaster should always be a leper, so that a supreme fellow-feeling for the stricken should be of the essence of its government.

The laws, both civil and ecclesiastical, were nevertheless—for it was a terrible necessity—awful in their severity to the poor lepers. They were not alone cut off from their fellow men, but, even if only suspected of leprosy, any legal act of theirs became null and void, unless they made declaration therein of their horrible misfortune.

Until they became so feeble as to be driven into a leper hospital, lepers were, in France at least, hunted from the society of men into wooden huts built for them on the great roads. The leper was given a gray cloak, a hat, and a wallet, together with a wooden clapper or a small bell with which he had to warn approaching passengers, so that they should give him a wide berth. A dish, or his hat, placed on the opposite side of the road, invited the compassionate waylayer to drop an offering.

The sad and solemn church service of driving the leper out of the world, sufficiently shows the outcast, outlawed condition of the European Christian leper of the Middle Ages.

The superstition about looking into a well, and infecting the water by the mere reflection of a leprous form, is curious. The quamelin cloak without any color, which they were made to wear, was of undyed camelin, a coarse brown, or gray, or nondescript woolen stuff of the period; and as to this cloak it may be noted that the hangman of Douai, or king of the vagabonds, as he was called, took as his perquisite in 1242 the coat of any leper venturing into the town without permission.

The dish at the end of a stick was of course to receive food or money at a respectful distance from the almsgiver.

The rule as to gloves discloses the rickety state of the bridges of those days; often a mere half-rotten plank, with or without a rail, which the leper dare not touch but in a glove.

Among the ecclesiastical curiosities of leper legislation we should not forget to mention the obscure tests, the segregation, and the strange sacrifices prescribed to him in Leviticus. A contemporary deed shows that on June 8, 1423, a curious test was applied to a supposed leper at a little French town. He was taken to the basin of the public fountain and there bled by two barbers named for the duty. The blood was received into a vessel—presumably a closed vessel—which was put in a bag, and plunged into the water, no doubt to solidify it. The barbers then declared on inspection that the blood was uncorrupted, and the judge pronounced the accused untainted of leprosy. The dignity of barber was then a responsible one.

Louis IX., as we have seen, found a leprous monk feeding on pork, and the Turks of the Levant to this day say that the Greeks contract leprosy from eating the intolerably bad salt pork of the country.

There is no doubt that the disease of pigs which we know as measles was called leprosy, in the Middle Ages, and it would seem that there was a belief that it was the same as the human disease, and that it was communicable to man by eating pig's flesh.

The liberalities and concessions of kings and of their great lords and vassals and the charities of towns and people, combined with the gradual diminution of leprosy itself, ended by enormously enriching the leper communities.

Abuses of course crept in, and the leper's fate at length became an object of envy rather than of pity to the poor cross narrowed serf and to greater than he also.

The natural result of oppression, outlawry, and the savage enforcement of the extreme of disability, was to make the lepers of the Middle Ages a class apart, like the Jews with whom they came to be confounded.

Accusations of the most horrible crimes and depravity grew rabid and frequent, and they culminated at length in the well-known grotesque charge, in which the lepers were coupled with the Jews, of an astounding and, to us, almost inconceivable plot to communicate their malady to the whole population by poisoning all the springs, wells, and rivers with their own blood.

The lepers were also confounded with the outcast and very mysterious Cagots in the middle of the fifteenth century. An ordinance of Louis XI. in 1460 speaks of the malady of leprosy and cagotry at Toulouse. This disease was marked by pallor, faded eyes, the vanishing of the ear lobes, insensible patches on the body, credulously said to be devil-marks, and an eruption. The Cagots were also said to have been sometimes mad or idiotic. Their maladies or their selves are said to have infested Western France from north to south. They had a separate door and passage into the churches, a separate font of blessed water, and they were buried apart. They were also exempt from taxes and military service.

Grains of Gold.

Upbraid not the penitent.

To be happy without holiness, is impossible.

The greatest wealth is contentment with little.

Wise men care not for what they cannot have.

Vex not him whom thou wishest to convince.

Character lives in a man; reputation outside of him.

The choice of the wicked includes their punishment.

It will not do for a man to pray cream and live skim-milk.

It isn't only laying hold of a rope—you must go on pulling.

He who can endure an insult or injury gains an advantage.

It is not the great but little good hope which make up happiness.

Many there be who buy nothing with their money but repentance.

Excessive sensibility is only another name for morbid self-consciousness.

What we believe is right is more often so because it grinds our axe than otherwise.

A compliment is usually accompanied with a bow—as if to beg pardon for paying it.

What men want of reason for their opinions they usually supply and make up in rage.

Prudery is the innocence of the vicious—external sanctity assumed as a cover to internal laxity.

Femininities.

A marriage license will make a very nice Christmas gift from a young man to his best girl.

A Boston authoress has published a book which she calls "My First Loaf." We'll bet it's heavy.

Mabel: "Amy, what has become of your Anti-Slang Society?" Amy: "Oh, it's in the soup."

A good boy may not become a handsome man, but a nice bonnet surely becomes a pretty woman.

A 5 year old girl was actually whipped to death in Marshalltown, Iowa, by her drunken mother.

There are 3 000 medical women in the United States whose incomes range from $5,000 to $20 000 a year.

Lady, on a shopping excursion: "Oh, dear, that blanket is much too good! I want it for charitable purposes."

The cause of journalism is looking up. Mrs. Rayne, a Detroit woman, has started a school for journalists in that city.

The Queen Dowager of Portugal will receive an annuity of $63,000 a year during her lifetime. She will reside abroad.

Mrs Partridge, of Monticello, Fla., celebrated her 82d birthday anniversary by writing, without spectacles, a letter to a younger sister.

Mrs Doody: "Come along, Ebenezer, ain't you nebber gwinter git ready for church?" Mr. Doody: "Wait a minute, Lucindy, till I git my razzer."

Carlotta Banks, of Sacramento, saved her three young brothers from death while the paternal mansion was on fire. It is feared she will lose her eyesight.

Mistress, to applicant for cook's position: "Why did you leave your last place?" Applicant: "You are very inquisitive, marm. I didn't ax yer what for yer last cook left you."

Jane Detheridge, of Kingston, Jamaica, has refused 37 offers of marriage. Jane has $10,000 and is an orphan. She does not think she can afford a husband who cares only for her money.

A young lady of Columbus, Ga., has made a crazy quilt out of Louisiana State Lottery tickets that failed to connect with the prize wheel. The numbers are worked in silk of most beautiful colors.

Mrs Anna Higgins, a young wife of Bayonne, N. J., started for New York recently to purchase a wedding gift for a sister. While trying to enter a train she was run down and killed by a Reading locomotive.

If there is any time when a woman realizes her helplessness and dependence upon the opposite sex, it is when she is running for dear life after a street car with a sleepy conductor, and there is no man near to shout to him.

Mrs Gabb: "What is the matter with my husband?" Doctor: "Nothing, except that he needs change. I prescribe opiates and rest." Mrs. Gabb: "Shall I give him the opiates at once?" Doctor: "Oh! the opiates are not for him; they are for you."

"Fixed mind and high resolve." The Great Dressmaker: "Really, madam, I do not think that dress would be appropriate for you. It does not match your hair." Mrs. De Swine: "Well, I'm going to have it, any way. What color should I dye my hair?"

Professor, eloquently holding forth to the junior rhetoric class. One of the members on the back seat, likewise holding forth to her neighbor. Professor: "I beg pardon, Miss A., I believe I interrupted you." Miss A.: "Oh, no, not at all; I had finished."

If the marriage service could only be so modified and amended as to include the lighting of the morning fires among the other obligations assumed by the bride, there wouldn't be so many old bachelors jabbing their fingers with darning needles and shivering around in the cold.

Agnes Devereaux is to be married Christmas day. She fell into the Mississippi river and was rescued by a young man with a blonde moustache, who took the liberty of doing so, although he had not the pleasure of her acquaintance. He has $10,000, and she hasn't 10 cents of her own.

In letter writing it is reasonable to suppose that the freedom and ease with which we express our thoughts are in proportion to our attachment to the person whom we address; if so, a labored contrivance in the composition is an evidence rather of our respect than affection.

A distinguished professor of chemistry suggests that the nomenclature of that science might be drawn upon for a variety of pretty additions to female names. Having himself a family of five girls, he has named them respectively, Glycerine, Pepsine, Ethyl, Methyl and Morphia.

A necklace composed of tigers' claws mounted in diamonds is the favorite ornament of Baroness Marie fide von Ameline, the famous tiger huntress. She killed with her own hand the four beasts from whose claws her unique piece of jewelry is made, and preserves their skins as rugs.

The derivation of the word honeymoon is as follows: It was the custom of the highest order of Teutones, a people who inhabited the northern parts of Europe, to drink mead, or metheglin, a beverage made of honey, for 30 days after every wedding. The Saxons took the custom into England, and from it, in course of time, arose our present meaning of the word.

Lady doctors will soon cease to be plentiful in Russia. It has been discovered that female medical students develop not only revolutionary opinions, but "sentiments and manners unworthy of their sex," and thus regulations are announced for putting things in order. Firstly, no medical degree is to be conferred on a girl who has made her studies abroad. Secondly, no lady is to be admitted to a medical degree entitling her to practice until she is 40 years old. Until that age she may only practice as a nurse.

Masculinities.

The Emperor of China has 426 servants.

He that labors is tempted by one devil; he that is idle by a thousand.

The more people become wrapped up in themselves the colder they grow.

Archduke John of Austria has intimated that in the event of war he will fight as a private soldier.

When you hear a man say he has a bad wife just ask him what he has done to make her a good one.

Some people are born poor, others achieve poverty, and others thrust poverty upon other people.

Emperor William of Germany recently discharged an attendant who had been reading a French novel.

The King of Bavaria receives an income of $1,000,000 a year from the profits of the Hofbrauhaus brewery.

The ex-King of Servia declares that his wife was "too fond of a row," and that was why he tried to divorce her.

"Teeth inserted without gas," as the fellow who owned a savage dog inscribed on a board outside his garden gate.

When a married man buttons his suspenders on eight-penny nails it is sure evidence that he has been disappointed in love.

A Michigan man accidentally put a small cartridge into his pipe along with some tobacco, and when the thing went off it removed the end of his nose.

Simeral: "Are Jones and Briggs friends?" Grimsby: "Friends! No, indeed! They couldn't hate each other more if they sang in the same church choir."

The traditional talkative barber is out of date. At a new tonsorial establishment the attendants are directed only to answer the questions of the customers.

Johnson: "By the way, did you ever see the sun rise, Jenkins?" Jenkins: "No, I can't say that I ever did. I think I've always been in bed before that."

Almost everybody in this world is susceptible to flattery. The easiest way to flatter some people is to remark to them how impervious to flattery they are.

A man who has been in retirement for a few weeks after marrying and burying three sisters, came up smiling to the altar the other day, having begun on a new family.

Mrs Portable—It is raining fearfully outside. Hadn't you better stay and take supper with us, Mr. Smith? Smith—Oh, no, Mrs. Portable; the weather can't be as bad as that.

The man who should invent a machine so that people could drop a nickel in the slot and print out a name for the baby would surely make a fortune—it would take so many trials to get a name to suit.

Prospective father-in-law: "How do you expect to get along without a salary if you are going to get married?" Young Smiley Basker: "That is not the point. How am I to get along if I don't get married?"

Amos Stockslager, of Iowa, in a fit of frenzy beat a favorite dog to death with a club. His remorse was so great that he hanged himself, and left a letter asking that he and his dog be buried in a nameless grave.

Deacon Smith: "Mr. Jones, are you aware that you put a punched coin into the contribution box this morning?" Mr. Jones: "Yes; I owe the heathen a grudge for roasting a missionary great uncle of mine."

Theory and condition. Doctor: "Take these powders as directed and your cold will be gone in two or three days." Patient: "You seem quite hoarse, doctor?" Doctor: "Yes; I've had a bad cold for four weeks."

Visiting friend: "How are you and your husband coming on?" Mrs. Hopeful: "Oh, he is a model husband! There is no species of vice from which he has not sworn off several times. I feel very much encouraged."

Mrs. Oldboy: "Oh, you needn't talk, John. You was bound to have me. You can't say that I ever ran after you." Oldboy: "Very true, Maria, and the rat trap never runs after the mouse, but it gathers him in all the same."

Two old "soakers" compare notes. "Do you know my wife's so mean she actually begrudges me the little water I mix in my grog." "Ah! but mine's worse yet. Just fancy, she's all the time blowin' about the water I don't take in mine!"

Tommy: "I'm going to tell ma you pushed me overboard." Johnnie: "You'd better not." "She'll lick me if I say I fell over." "That's what you'd better tell her. If you put the blame on me I'll lick you, and I'll hurt you more than your mother will."

Cracow Belka, a Pole, fell in love with his neighbor's wife. The latter did not reciprocate and Cracow announced his intention of killing her. Cracow was buried shortly after at Des Moines without religious ceremony or any mourners. The husband was too much for him.

Rich Man—"My dear fellow, you shouldn't envy me; you know contentment is better than wealth." Poor Man—"That so? Then suppose you let me have your wealth and you have the contentment, which you say is preferable. In that way we will both be content." "Oh, come off; your ideas would upset the whole scheme of society."

Black: "Did you ever notice a woman darning a pair of stockings and observe how she—" Brown: "I never saw a woman darning a pair of stockings in my life." "Oh! Well, perhaps your wife doesn't darn your stockings." "Yes, she does; keeps them in excellent repair. But I never saw her darning a pair. Never saw her darn more than one at a time." Then Black led Brown around the nearest corner and drew him down into the depths of a subterranean lager beer saloon.

Recent Book Issues.

"Retribution: A Tale of Passion," by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, has just been republished, and is issued by her publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brother, this city. Price 25 cents.

A new book on food and work, dietetics and cookery, is "Eating for Strength, or, Food and Diet in Relation to Health and Work," by M. L. Holbrook, M. D. It is full of practical information, containing over five hundred recipes for the best and most wholesome and nutritious foods and drinks. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price $1 00

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The November *Eclectic* has a number of excellent articles. "The Progress of Co-operation," is by George Jacob Holyoake. "Russian Characteristics" is the first of a series of excellent papers. "A Glimpse into a Jesuit Novitiate," is by M. H. Dziewicki. W. S. Lilly gives a vigorous and thoughtful paper "In Search of a Religion." An article, supposed to have been written by Mr. Gladstone, treats the relations of Italy in the Tripartite Alliance in a way which foreshadows the Liberal policy, when the English Home Rule party gets into power. This article has made a great sensation in Europe. The paper on "Eastern Women," by Horace Victor, is very racy and entertaining. The Magazine has many short papers, sketches, poems, etc., of superior worth, which lend variety to its contents. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York.

The opening pages of the November *Century*—which begins its twentieth year—are devoted to a generous installment of the autobiography of Joseph Jefferson, the illustrations are numerous. This number begins several other serials, notably Mrs. Barr's novel "Friend Olivia," and Frank Stockton's "The Merry Chanter," illustrated. The first of the "Present-day Papers" is entitled "The Problems of Modern Society," and is contributed by Dr. Langdon. Mark Twain furnishes a racy chapter from his forthcoming book, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," illustrated by Dan Beard. Mrs. Carter's description of "Street Life in Madrid" is illustrated. The "Grolier Club" of New York is fully described by Brander Matthews and illustrated. Mrs. Foote in her "Pictures of the Far West" portrays "The Winter Camp." The authors of the Lincoln Life treat of "The Second Inaugural," "Five Forks" and "Appomattox." Mr. Cole continues his unique engravings of the "Old Masters," giving example of Benozzo Gozzoli. There are other fine articles and poetry and the departments complete a strong number of this favorite American magazine.

SETTING THE FASHION.—Hard work will accomplish wonders, but it will not take the place of genius. Some things must be done suddenly and in a moment of inspiration.

A recent writer mentions a case in point, a case in which a social revolution was wrought, so to speak, by a stamp of the foot. She once found a celebrated milliner in tears because a gem of a hat, the result of many attempts, had failed to suit a very fussy customer.

Her feelings getting the better of her judgment, she threw the condemned hat on the floor and jumped on it, crushing it into an entirely new shape. One of her assistants, who had seen this outburst of temper, put the misused hat in a drawer.

Half an hour later a lady came in, and another assistant, after showing her nearly all the hats and bonnets in the stock and failing to please her fancy, brought forth the crushed hat, with the remark, "Here something that will suit you."

Surprising to relate it did suit her. She purchased it, and insisted upon wearing it at once. Calling at the same place a week afterwards, the writer was told that some half dozen hats had been made like the crushed one, and were being worn by very fashionable people.

THE CROWS OF NORWAY.—Birds of the crow tribe, especially the raven, the carrion-crow, the hoodie and the magpie, are in ill repute in England for stealing eggs, and, when opportunity serves, for murdering chickens, ducklings, etc.; but in the North of Norway these depredators are much bolder.

They will even attempt to carry away the eggs and the young brood of the eider-duck, and too often succeed in their foray; but if the drake is near at hand they are frequently defeated. He seizes the crow by the wing or the neck and plunges down with him into the sea. Being a good diver, he feels no inconvenience, while the carrion-crow, however brave and strong in the air, is helpless in the water, and the end of the struggle is soon shown by his lifeless body floating upon the surface.

Sometimes the raven is disposed of in the same manner. It is a curious fact that young sea fowl, when swimming or diving in waters which literally swarm with cod, halibut and other greedy and hungry fishes, are not often snapped up and swallowed. Yet veteran lobster fishermen, no small part of whose life has been spent in disemboweling such fishes, declare that they never find a young bird in the stomach of their prey.

DON'T RISK ANYTHING with a Stubborn Cough, when a safe remedy may be had in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. Sore Lungs and Throats are speedily helped by it.

JEWELS AND TALISMANS.

More priceless in the eyes of the superstitious Persian than the incomparable jewels stored in the Royal Palace at Teheran, are the 200 talismans possessed by the Shah. Some of these belong to the Crown Treasury, and are part of the spiritual attributes handed down to the "Lord of Lords." There is the amber cube, believed to have fallen from Heaven, a special gift of Allah to his prophet Mahomet, which makes its owner invulnerable. The Shah always wears this talisman round his neck. There is the jewelled star, worn by Roostum, which has the virtue of forcing conspirators at once to confess their crimes. Most marvelous of all is the casket studded with emeralds, which confers invisibility on its possessor so long as he remains a celibate and resist the temptation of feminine wiles. The Shah's strong box is a small room 20 feet by 14 feet, reached by a steep stair. In it are heaped gems, the splendor of which is equalled only by the jewels described in the "Arabian Nights." The crown, shaped like a flower pot, is topped by an uncut ruby large as a hen's egg. A peerless emerald, of the size of a walnut, on the flawless surface of which are inscribed the names of the monarchs who have possessed it, is only less precious than the great pearl worth $10,000.

The turquoises are the most perfect of the native gems. The Shah possesses the finest in the world, an incomparable stone, 3 or 4 inches long. In varied shades of blue, the turquoises lie heaped in the Royal treasury. Those of darker tint are the most precious. The paler stones are found in alluvial deposits. The Greeks in the days of Darius describe the golden armour of the King and his generals, studded with blue stones from the mines of Nishapoor. The beautiful native gem is specially protected, the Shah inspecting all turquoises before they can be sold.

Necklaces and rings of diamonds rubies, gauntlets are spread upon the carpet of the treasure-room. The Kalaalan belt, about a foot deep, is a radiant mass of pearls, diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. One or two jewelled scabbards are reported to be worth a quarter of a million each.

On the great festival of the year, the No-Roos, or opening of the new year, which takes place at the spring equinox, the Crown jewels are brought and placed in the Audience Chamber, where stands the celebrated peacock throne, brought by Nadir Shah from Delhi, worth at the lowest computation three millions sterling. The silk carpet placed at the foot of the throne is embroidered with diamonds and pearls. The ceremonies of the No-Roos culminate in the day when the sun passes the line. The Shah replendent with jewels, the great officials of the realm covered with gems, gathered around him according to rank, assemble in the Audience Chamber as the hour of the sun's passage draws near.

The chief of the Khagars, followed by slaves carrying trays loaded with coins, presents each courtier with some money, a form of wishing good luck to him in his transactions during the coming year. Salvers of fruit and of the gold and silver coins of Persia are laid before the Shah. The King of Kings burns incense in a brazier until the sound of a cannon and blare of trumpets announce that the sun has crossed the equator.

The Shah then presses to his forehead, his lips, and bosom, a copy of the Koran, and wishes happiness to all present.

After an invocation, pronounced by one of the Mollahs, each person present kneels before the Shah, who presents to each a gift of coin.

MUST BE YELLOW.—Among all the pretty things that lovely women wears, the ones most susceptible of elaboration are garters. They are the only concealed jewels she wears, and garters may cost from 50 cents to $1000. Everybody knows that *the* garter is a yellow one. Not to wear yellow garters is almost a challenge to ill-luck and misfortune. Very pretty garters come in other colors, however, and, if you are willing to fly in the face of fate by wearing another hue, why, you can get mighty pretty black ones with gold buckles set with rubies. A beautiful pair of garters ordered as a wedding present for Miss Georgiana Heckscher are of white silk elastic. The buckles are of gold filagree, set with a large opal surrounded by little diamonds. On the inside of the clasp are the initials of the donor and the happy recipient and the date.

Be not throw away your money, but when in need of a good liniment buy Salvation Oil.

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CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

By MUNKACSY.

THE original of this picture is one of the grandest paintings that has been given to the world in modern times. It covers about twenty by thirty feet of canvas, the figures all being life size. The scene is early morning in the Pretorium or official residence of the Roman Governor at Jerusalem. In the centre of the picture is the figure of the Saviour, with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate. Around and behind him crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others apparently bent merely on killing time. Pontius Pilate sits as the representative of Cæsar on the judgment throne. He is meditating and is greatly perplexed. On the right of Pilate stands Caiaphas, the chief accuser of Christ. The figure pressing forward in the crowd with uplifted arms is a ruffian of the lowest type. He is shouting "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" On the left of Pilate sit two elders watching the proceedings with deep interest. Between Christ and Caiaphas, sitting on a bench, is a rich banker looking on with contemptuous curiosity. Perched on a high stool by the side of the judgment seat and resting his head against the wall is a scribe who views the scene with an air of weary indifference. A knot of old men is seated in an angle of the room to the left of the banker. They are apparently arguing Christ's claim that he is the promised Messiah. Conspicuously raised above the heads of the crowd is seen a young mother with a beautiful face, holding a child in her arms, and looking at Jesus with tenderness and compassion. Through the whole picture are groups of figures and faces reflecting the different emotions that animate each individual.

This picture has been on exhibition in the principal cities of Europe and America. It has been viewed by millions of people, and has created more sensation throughout the entire civilized world than any other painting ever produced. In the city of New York it was on exhibition several months, and was seen by hundreds of thousands of people.

THE PICTURE IS 21 by 28 INCHES, sufficient in size to allow ample scope for the display of the salient features of faces and forms, while the varied expressions of hate, fear, curiosity, compassion and reverence of those assembled are shown with a startling fidelity.

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THE COAT LAPEL.—Did you ever wonder why that little V-shaped nick was placed at the juncture of your coat collar with the lapel? I suppose you have. Occasionally we all have our little ruminating spells and fall to wondering the whys of the many odd things we see about us. Hold your coat up before and you will see at a glance that it will "set" just as well without the nick as with it. Therefore, the matter of fit cannot be given as a proper solution of the fact that it is there. Without apparent purpose this nick is clipped from the lapel of every frock coat worn in the world. But there was motive in the madness of the first man who adopted the little insignia of distinction. I will tell you about it: When the first Napoleon gave way to his ambition he tried to implicate General Moreau in Pichegru's conspiracy. Moreau had been Napoleon's superior and was very popular, but under the circumstances, as Napoleon was on top, it was not safe to express publicly any sympathy with Moreau; so his admirers secretly agreed to nick their coat lapels to show who they were. Carefully note the outlines of the first coat front you see that is well fitted and buttoned and see if you cannot plainly detect the initial letter M in its windings. The M will appear upside down, the little nicks forming its sides. M was the initial letter of Moreau, and his champions were known by the nicks in the lapels of their coats.

AT RACES.—The oft proposed scheme of substituting a photographic apparatus for the judge at the winning-post at horseraces has been adopted in Germany with marked success. Experiments in the same direction have also been recently carried out here with such satisfactory results that at one well-known racecourse an official photographer has been retained. From these experiments it would seem that so-called 'dead-heats,' in which two, and in one case three horses were alleged to have reached the winning post exactly at the same moment, are impossible events. The photograph shows in such cases that there is really a difference of several inches between the horses' head. There are certain difficulties in the way of its general adoption, the chief of which is the occurrence of dull weather, when a picture taken with the necessary speed, say the one-two-hundredth of a second, would be impossible.

SMITH: "I think Miss de Blank is very rude." Jones: "What causes you to think that. I never thought her so." Smith. "I met her out for a walk this afternoon, and asked if I might see her home. She said yes, I could see it from the top of the high-school building, and that it wasn't necessary to go any further."

Humorous.

ONLY A ROSE

It lay upon her breast
The night we met;
Ah, blossom pink and sweet,
I have it yet!

It glowed in conscious pride,
From out her lace,
And cast a tender light
Across her face.

Trembling beneath her eyes,
Ah—thrill too sweet—
It leaned, and in the dance
Fell to my feet.

How swift the time has flown—
One year to-night—
And yet the bud is fresh,
And pink and bright,

As when upon her breast
In sweet repose,
You see—it is an artificial rose!

—U. S. JONES.

Small comfort—A baby.

A gentleman of color—A painter.

The burning question of the hour—The price of coal.

Titles of nobility are as old as the human race. Adam was the first bare 'un.

The most direct method of determining horse power—Tickle his hind legs with a briar.

Why is it bad for a boy to be given man's clothes? Because he thus acquires loose habits.

A young bachelor is an odd fellow, and some woman is always trying to get even with him.

"Where does this Judge Lynch we hear so much of live?" "Oh, he hangs around all over the West."

There is a slight difference between a lottery ticket and a mustard plaster—the latter always draws something.

Almost every young lady is public-spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a court-house.

"Well, summer's over at last," remarked a man who came in. "Yes, I think it is; I notice you left the door open."

There is probably but one thing which is harder to do than get out of a warm bed in the morning, and that is to get into a cold bed at night.

"Yes," said the poet to the boy, as he stepped in to the elevator, "I am going up. I want to feel for once in my life that I'm a rising poet."

What is the difference between a man paralysed with fear and a leopard's tail?—One is rooted to the spot, and the other is spotted to the root.

Bolton: "Young Jones is very generous with his cigars, isn't he?" Wolton: "Yes," puff; "but he would (puff) be kinder to his friends if he smoked them himself."

"Frank, how are you getting on with Miss Brown?" asked Simpkins. "As well as I can," replied Frank. "I've got as far as the front gate; I expect to get in the house soon."

Mrs. Youngwife: "I can't see why my bread don't raise, John. I've just tried everything." Mr. Y., laying down his biscuit in despair: "Ever try dynamite, my dear?"

Ethel, weeping: "I am so disappointed in him. I am sure he was tipsy last night—he threatened to kiss me!" May: "Well, there's no knowing what men won't do when they're drunk!"

"Why is it that the groom always seems frightened at a wedding?" remarked a young woman. "Humph! He's got a right to be!" was the rejoinder of an old married man within hearing.

"George," she said, "do you believe in the old saying, 'Out of sight, out of mind?'" "Well, no, not altogether," responded George, hesitatingly. "For instance, take a boil on the back of one's neck."

"All the men are not fools, anyhow," snapped Mrs. Curtly to her husband during a little domestic discussion. "No, my dear," replied Mr. C., with true manly politeness. "No; there are a few bachelors left as samples."

He: "I see that old Mr. Bently was buried yesterday." Wife, shocked: "Why, is old Mr. Bently dead?" He, who has just been henpecked: "The paper doesn't say whether he is dead or not; simply that he was buried yesterday."

A Western politician who lost both his eyes in a railroad accident has failed to recover damages because, in the jury's mind, his present inability to read what the newspapers say of him must be viewed in the light of compensation.

Wife: "Just think, I have sat here and seen man going after man into that saloon over there." Husband: "You're right. That's just what they're doing. Every man who enters there will tell you that he is going in after another man."

"What's the matter, Charlie? You look blue." "I am blue. I went out West last month, and I never saw such a lot of pretty girls in my life, and there was only one other man there. I expected to have a good time, but the other fellow was a Mormon and was engaged to 'em all."

A man uptown says he has a little machine in his house which has acquired perpetual motion. It is a very simple contrivance, requires no weights, lines or springs to make it go—but go it does, and not only will not stop, but to save his life he cannot stop it. It is his wife's tongue!

Old Mr. Funds: "I can't see, Harry, why you find it necessary to draw your salary in advance, this way. I'm sure the other young men in the office are saving up money out of theirs." Harry: "You're all wrong there, uncle. I never knew a single one of them to have more than 15 cents in his pocket when I happened to want to borrow a dollar."

EMPLOYER: "Are you watchful and prudent in looking after business interests?"

Applicant for Berth: "I've carried the same umbrella over two years without losing it or having it stolen."

Employer: "Then you may have entire control of my extensive business and name your own salary."

A VAGRANT called at a house on a Sunday, and begged for some cider. The lady refused to give him any, and he reminded her of the oft-quoted remark, that she "might entertain an angel unawares."

"Yes," said she, "but angels don't go about drinking cider on Sundays."

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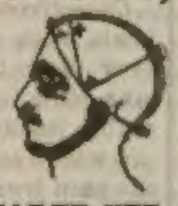

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '82. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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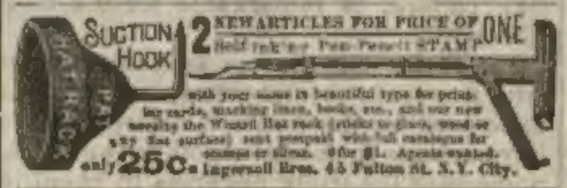

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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Latest Fashion Phases.

There is so much that is intrinsically beautiful in the trimmings and embroideries of the season, that I propose to include in the following account the ribbons, laces, galons, embroideries, tulles, and nets which are needed for evening gowns. I have never seen more elaborate or finely wrought embroideries.

To begin with ribbons. Fancy ribbons are not quite so fashionable as plain ones, and the favorite width for millinery purposes is five inches.

Rep ribbons are much used, and reversibles, but satin is the leading idea in Paris, and the brocades are mostly thrown on satin grounds.

Velvet ribbons are greatly in demand, but they have a satin face also; indeed, all the ribbons are reversible, and can be worn both sides.

But several materials blend in the fashionable makes; for example, one was composed of stripes of tissu royale, plain rep, and moire, and tissu royale has been brought out in many new makes.

Rep selvedges are used, and one of the new velvet ribbons has a little border. A curious and quaint brocade has a rope bordering over 2 inches wide down one side. Checked borders blend with rep; but they are spaced rather than checked, the two colors appearing on the top of one another.

Accident has suggested many of the designs, for example, the play of lightning on a satin foundation, produced by a few distinctive irregular lines; and a wide flowing river as another bordering, which is wide and important.

In this the amalgamation of tones is decided, such as terra-cotta and reseda, myrtle and cardinal. Moire and satin unite in two tones of one color and two distinct tints.

In one ribbon a striped shield is another new notion, thrown on a contrasting color, with a corded border.

Many ribbons with distinct colors on either side have borders to match the reverse. Tube-like spots are introduced on others; tinsel comes in with some of the detached floral designs, the patterns being generally small; velvet rep, satin, and moire are intermixed in all kinds of wonderful combinations, and very good indeed is the make of ribbons this season.

Some of the fashionable mixtures of color are maise and bronze, heliotrope and porcelain, old-gold and myrtle, brown and yellow, copper and Baltic, stone and reseda. Plain ribbons are sold in all widths, with a very narrow satin edge in all these colors. The tint most in demand just now is Petunia, but it is not likely to last through the winter; it is not warm enough.

Java brown; Jasper (akin to myrtle green); Saturnelle, a red apricot; Parma, the tint of a Parma violet; and Jonquil are the newest shades.

Those who have the pleasant task of selecting an evening dress, have plenty to choose from; the Russian net with the coarse mesh, which has rejoiced in many other names—"Egyptienne" and "Tosco," among others—is now made in mohair in every color, very wide and moderate in price.

It wears well, and is one of the best materials possible for home evening wear. It is also made in silk, and there are several fancy designs in the same article, which are likely to be better sold abroad than in England.

The crapes are delightful, and all the long ranges of mousseline chiffon. Japanese crepe is quite new, and ought to recommend itself.

It is soft and exceedingly silky. These several crapes and lisses are most exquisitely embroidered, mostly by the Swiss, who have profited greatly by their technical schools, and give themselves up entirely in whole towns and villages to this industry.

The floral designs are carried out in natural colors, while some are worked in open guipure patterns. Striped crapes, which seem to be puckered, have been brought out in many new designs, and the stripes and brocades are very original.

The checks also are quite new, and are the latest fashion. The striped pongees have canvas stripes interwoven like lace. Some of the best crapes are printed with floral patterns in lovely patterns, but nothing can touch the embroideries, which deserve to be framed as specimens of artistic work.

A dress front arranged in narrow flat pleats, the lower portion worked in colors, the upper in white, is set in a band, so that it has only to be attached to the silk petticoat.

Some of these thin materials are worked in points on an edging of wide moire, which gives great substance and importance. Many have wide hems, the patterns embroidered on the hems.

Persian colorings obtain in some. In others bunches of most natural lilac is thrown on the filmy crepe ground, and a small floral design, in an Empire wreath-like pattern, is remarkable for the very fine work.

Tulles for ball gowns are embroidered with flowers in natural colors, and intended to be used for the fronts of dresses; others have designs in chenille spots of two tones. Some have the triple pea spots in chenille at distances, and others large stars in silver or gold.

Mechlin net, in all colors and very wide widths, can be had at a low price, and are really more durable for young girls' dresses than the Cambery tulle.

The laces are nearly all of the Velasquez order this year, that is, arranged in distinct points, and some of Calais and Lyons makes are effective looking without being expensive. The patterns are of the Irish point order, and prove effective when applied as waistbands and skirt trimmings.

A beautiful novelty in chantilly laces, of a depth sufficient to reach from the chin to the hem, has the pattern wrought in subdued colored silk instead of black. This is a decided novelty, and is an excellent one. Into another make of lace a broad stripe has been woven, with the lace patterns between.

A long range of black laces have the patterns outlined in thick cord. This is done after the lace has been made, in a machine expressly planned for it, and generally worked by young girls in Paris.

This Soutache lace, as it is called, is of Lyons make. Deep flouncings of all kinds are much worn, and most of them have vandyked edges; vandykes are the distinctive feature in the fashionable laces of the year.

Cloth has been brought out for millinery purposes, pinked at the edge and embroidered, and this is intended to be used on the toques, made to match cloth dresses.

Some of the galons are most exquisitely embroidered in white, with gold and silver, and the bands of crepe are employed for trimming, similarly treated.

The front of dresses made in crepe, and embroidered all over in rich silk, are singularly beautiful; the work is in self colors, and is intermixed with pearls to match.

Japanese coloring in Paris is introduced on to some of the handsomest silk guipure embroidery, that is, the groundwork is black, with colored flowers of bright tone, or colors of bright tone are interwrought in the pattern.

For mantles, silk roches are worn made of braid of different widths, and intermixed with oblong drops and aiguillettes. These drops of several shapes are the new mantle adornments.

Feather trimming is once more in fashion—uncurled ostrich, 3 inches broad, in all colors; short ostrich, which is close and looks like fur; and marabout—all are applied to dresses and cloaks.

The new galons have vandyked edges, and are made in various depths, according to the purposes for which they are required. The designs are fine and intricate, generally of the Renaissance period; two or three colors are often interblended, and sometimes there is an admixture of tinsel. They are made in black and white, and in light and dark colors.

Most of the patterns are divisible, and are composed of fine silk work and fine cord, interblended. Occasionally beads are added; but fashion does not run in the direction of beads.

Shaded effects are pretty. Another make is cord, united by crochet stitches, and the more like point lace the better is the effect.

Crochet is an important adjunct, and among the newest trimmings are rows of daisies worked in black silk, a daisy in each row. This is made in various numbers of rows, according to the width required.

Odds and Ends.

SOME EXCELLENT FOOD RECIPES

Galantine of Veal.—Take a piece of breast of veal, about twelve to fourteen inches long; bone and trim it carefully, removing all gristle and superfluous fat, as well as some of the meat (about 1 lb.). Take the meat and one-half lb. of fat bacon; pound together in a mortar, season with powdered spice and sweet herbs, pepper and salt to taste, then pass the mixture through a wire sieve. Cut one-half lb. of boiled tongue in pieces about an inch square; cut half a dozen truffles, each into three or four pieces. Lay the prepared breast of veal skin downwards on the table, sprinkle it with pepper, salt, and powdered spices; lay the pounded meat, the truffles, and the tongue on it, then roll it up neatly as you would roly poly pudding, tie it up tightly in a cloth. Put all the trimmings and bones of the breast into a saucepan large enough to hold the galantine, add a calf's foot cut in pieces, the trimmings of the bacon (they must be perfectly sweet), two or three onions and two carrots cut in pieces, a clove of garlic, a bunch of sweet herbs (thyme, majoram, parsley, and bay leaf), cloves, whole pepper, mace, and salt in proportions, according to taste. Fill up with such a quantity of cold water as will leave room for the galantine to be put in. Set the saucepan on the fire, when the contents boil put in the galantine. Let it boil gently without interruption from two to two and a half hours. Then lift it out, put it on a plate, and when it has cooled a little take off the cloth, tie it up afresh, and lay it between two dishes with a moderate weight upon it, to remain till cold. Care must be taken in this last operation that the "seam" of the galantine be made to come undermost. When quite cold undo the cloth, glaze the galantine, and garnish it with savory jelly made from the liquor in which it was boiled.

Mayonnaise Sauce.—Carefully strain the yolks of four eggs into a basin, place it in a cool place, or, if necessary, on ice; add a teaspoonful of salt, mix well; then proceed to pour in, a few drops at a time, some salad oil, without ceasing to stir the mixture. When one teaspoonful of oil is well incorporated with the yolks of eggs, put in, in the same manner, a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar; keep on adding oil and vinegar in these proportions until the sauce becomes of the consistency of very thick cream; then add white pepper to taste, and more salt if necessary.

Bread Sauce.—Pour half a pint of boiling milk on a teacupful of fine breadcrumbs, add a small onion with three or four cloves, a small blade of mace, a few peppercorns and salt to taste. Let the sauce simmer five minutes, add a small pat of fresh butter and at the time of serving remove the onion and mace.

Put into half a pint of cold milk one small onion, three or four cloves, a small blade of mace, a few peppercorns and a little salt. Set the whole to boil, then strain the milk over a teacupful of fine breadcrumbs. Stir well on the fire for a few minutes, adding at the time of serving either a small pat of butter or a tablespoonful of cream.

Chaudfroid of Fowls.—Roast two large fowls with a piece of buttered paper tied over their breasts, so that they shall not take color. When cold carve them neatly, taking the fillets from breast, and carving the wings and legs into neat joints; remove the skin from each piece, break up the carcase, and put them with the trimmings into a saucepan with sufficient well flavored white stock to cover them, and with a couple of shallots, two or three cloves, a bunch of sweet herbs, pepper and salt to taste, and a wineglass of white wine. Let the whole boil gently for two hours. Strain the liquor, and free it absolutely from fat. Reduce it on the fire, and add to it, if necessary, a little uncolored aspic jelly in a liquid state; then stir in, off the fire, the yolks of one or two eggs beaten up with the juice of half a lemon. Dip each piece of fowl in this sauce when it begins to get cold, so that each piece be luckily coated with it all over. When quite cold, arrange the pieces on a dish, putting the legs underneath and the best pieces on the top. Ornament with slices of truffles and chopped-up aspic jelly.

Aspic Jelly.—Pack into a stewpan a couple of calves' feet, chopped in small pieces, a few slices of ham, and the carcase of a fowl, with a couple of onions and two carrots cut in slices, a head of celery, one shallot, parsley, sweet herbs, spices, pepper, and salt to taste; fill up with any common stock, and set the whole to simmer gently for three hours. Strain off the liquor into a basin, and when cold carefully remove the fat. Then put the jelly into a saucepan, and add the coloring matter. Put the saucepan on the fire, and when the jelly is melted, whisk into it the whites of two eggs and a wineglassful of tarragon vinegar; let it come to boiling point, and strain it through a jelly bag. If not quite clear, warm it again, and strain it a second time.

"Say, ma," remarked the small boy, "isn't it funny that everbody calls my little brother a bouncing baby?" "Why do you think it is funny, William?" returned his mother. "Because, when I dropped him on the floor this morning, he didn't bounce a bit."

Confidential Correspondents.

SMITH.—At Salem, New England, nineteen persons were hanged for witchcraft by the Puritans in 1692.

MIXED.—Angelus is pronounced as though spelled An-je-lus, with the accent on the first syllable.

INTERESTED READER.—The story "With Blinded Eyes" began in No. 7 and ended in No. 14 of the present Volume of the POST.

COLUMBUS.—The first settlers went to Australia in 1788, when Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, was founded. Convicts were first sent out there in 1833.

ENOO.—On the first day of December, 1883, there were upward of 48,000 post offices in the United States; the number of new offices established since then we have not the power of estimating.

ELIZABETH B.—As a general rule it is found that by fixing the thoughts at night on the hour you wish to rise, you will awake at or near the hour. By leaving the window blinds partly up the morning light will generally awaken most people.

PERPLEXED.—We do not understand your letter, nor the sad state of things it portrays in your home. We see no harm in your telling your minister of your troubles, as he may be able to give you advice how to improve what seems to be a very miserable state of affairs.

MUSIC.—A Stradivarius is the name of a violin that has been made by Antonio Stradivari, who lived from 1669 to 1754. Before Stradivari's time there were rival pattern of violins; he settled the matter, the patterns he adopted being the generally accepted one. Lately a violin made by Stradivari himself was sold for $7000.

HISTORY.—Impressment of American seamen into the British navy, searching American ships for supposed British seamen, and interference with American commerce were three of the causes of the War of 1812. The treaty of Ghent simply provided for the cessation of hostilities, and did not mention these causes which led to the war.

J. E.—Black lace may be cleaned by dipping a sponge into beer or cold tea and damping the lace, taking care not to make it too wet. Place brown paper over the material, and press it with a warm iron. The lace will look glazed if paper is not put between it and the iron. If the lace is worsted, the dust should be thoroughly brushed off before the fabric is made damp.

VOTE.—The Australian system is a secret system. The voter goes into a booth alone, takes a ticket printed by the state on which are all the names of all the candidates, puts a mark opposite the names of the men for whom he wishes to vote and then deposits his ballot, which is duly marked by the election officers. No persons are allowed within a certain distance of the booth, and only one person enters it at a time.

PENN.—The Red Dragon was the ensign of Cadwallader, the last of the British kings from whom the Tudors were descended. It was adopted as a device by Henry VII., and used as his standard on Bosworth Field. The word "dragon" in Celtic means a "chief"; hence "Pen-dragon" was a sort of dictator created in times of danger. The origin of many legends of knights slaying "dragons" is found in the Celtic use of the word for "chief."

NUMSKULL.—The term "Classic" is of Latin origin, and is derived from the social economy of Rome. One man was said to be of the second class, another was in the third; but he who was in the highest class was said emphatically to be of the class, "classicus;" and as we say, "Man of rank," meaning men of the highest rank, so by an obvious analogy the best writers are termed classic, the best music classical. The term classical is also applied to the works of Greek and Latin authors, which would be called classical studies.

SUBSCRIBER.—The cost of coal at the mines of this State varies. At present we believe it is about $2 20 per ton. The transportation price to this city also varies, but is now in the neighborhood of $1.75 cents per ton. That coal may be purchased cheaper in Boston than here is no doubt due to railway discrimination, whereby local dealers and users are made to suffer in order that the railroads by giving lower rates, may get business from outlying parts. Dealers in this State cannot help themselves and must ship by the two great local lines. Boston can ship her coal both by water and land on other lines.

B. G. N.—It is presumed that what is wanted is the relative strength of the churches in the United States, which is as follows: The Roman Catholics claim 8,623,554; Methodist Episcopal, 3,900,387; Methodist Episcopal (South), 1,050,056; Methodist Episcopal, African, 500,000; Methodist Episcopal African Zion, 514,000; Methodist Episcopal, colored, 240,000; Protestants Episcopal, 421,323; Reformed Episcopal, 12,000; Baptist, 3,723,679; Lutheran, 927,000; Dutch Reformed Church, 89,327; German Reformed Church, 178,277; Presbyterian, 630,627; Presbyterian (South), 150,393; Cumberland, 190,000; Reformed, 17,323; United, 90,641; Welsh, Calvinistic, [illegible].

BALTIMORE.—October 16, 1859, John Brown, with a company of twenty-one men, seized upon the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, and proclaimed freedom to all the slaves in that vicinity. United States troops arrested him and his band, after some resistance, and he and six of his associates were tried, convicted of treason, and hanged December 2, 1859. This act of John Brown was regarded by the South as indicative of Northern sentiment, and the most intense animosity was aroused. It was the forerunner of the great civil war. The right and wrong of slavery was therefore more generally discussed, and there can be no doubt that the raid hastened the emancipation of the slaves.

GIPSY.—We think you have been too hasty—you were too young to become a wife, and certainly did wrong in marrying without the knowledge of your parents. You have also increased the wrong by indulging in a bad feeling towards your mother, who has her natural anxiety to plead as an excuse for her passion against your husband. As it is too late to alter what is done, the best plan is to endeavor to become friends again with your parents, and you should write to your mother expressing your regrets at the words you uttered, and asking her to forget what has passed. Your husband should also join you in this. You are no doubt happy as you say now, but you will be much more so if you follow the course we suggest.